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New Statesman
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DUNCAN CAMPBELL: Kidnap & sabotage — dirty war in Ireland, Pt 2

MAY 24 1984

Daily Mail
MONDAY, APRIL 7, 1975
6p (CHANNEL ISLANDS 7p)

REID'S COLUMN PAGE SEVEN

100 orphans fly to safety on the Mail's mercy airlift

TOUCH-DOWN AT MIDNIGHT

By BRIAN FREEMANTLE, Daily Mail Foreign Editor

'ERATION Mercy Airlift ended at midnight. ıe hundred Vietnamese orphans—including two ıo miraculously survived the tragic Galaxy ısh in Saigon last Friday—landed at London's eathrow Airport.

And there to meet it was Mr David Ennals, Minister of ıte at the Foreign Office.

Flight BD 757, chartered by the Daily Mail, had left Saigon for London after an incredible series of last-minute hold-ups.

Babies were slung along each side of the overhead luggage racks.

Others lay numb with fear on rows of seats. Many were naked to enable doctors and nurses to give them immediate attention.

Nurse Elizabeth Lamb of the Save the Children Fund said: 'But for this flight 50 per cent. of these children

aily Mail Comment

hy we knew we ıd to act fast

OPERATION BABYLIFT

The case of the disappearing orphans

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New Statesman

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Cover photo: Rex Features

Operation propaganda
Nine years ago 100 Vietnamese 'orphans' were whisked to Britain in a blaze of publicity. Helen Jacobus finds out what happened then — and afterwards p.8

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All sides claim victory in last week's elections. John Curtice, Clive Payne and Robert Waller adjudicate p.6

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No satisfaction
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Expressing themselves
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1984

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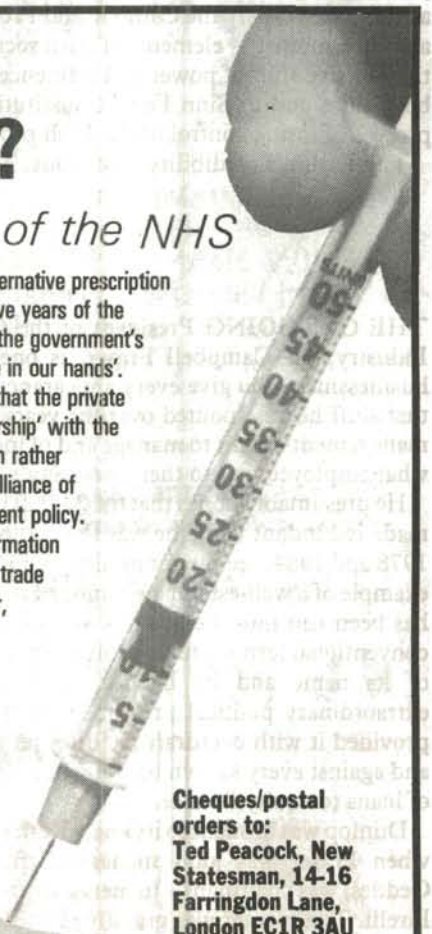

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New Statesman Vol 107 No 2773 11 May 1984

Ulster's veto must go

'THE FORUM has been imbued with an overriding sense of the importance and urgency of its task.' With these words the New Ireland Forum introduced its delayed report last week. It is an admirably lucid analysis of the reasons why Northern Ireland and all-Ireland politics are still stuck in a rut that is leading nowhere except to continuing sectarian violence.

. Its suggestions for possible future constitutional and administrative structures for Ireland that could accomodate the desires and calm the fears of nationalists and unionists alike are all in theory workable. Unitary states with entrenched rights for specific groups and with an entrenched Bill of Rights for individuals exist elsewhere. So do federal and confederal states. Joint London-Dublin 'authority' over Northern Ireland could also be made to work (and might avoid most of those theological problems about 'sovereignty' and 'allegiance'). A dozen other workable models could be devised by deft constitutionalists. But none will work unless sufficient political will is applied.

Of such political will there remains distressingly little evidence. The public proceedings of the Forum and its report may well help a more informed and constructive debate about the future of Ireland in the long term. But political events in Ireland, particularly in Northern Ireland, are moving in the wrong direction on a much shorter timescale. The conventional political parties of Ireland — North and South — have failed to find answers that satisfy the Catholic and Protestant — the nationalist and the unionist — elements of Irish society. The result has been the decisive shift of power and influence to the paramilitaries on both sides and to Sinn Fein. Constitutional authority is in the process of losing control of the Irish problem.

The Forum's credibility is tenuous. The vested interests from whom compromise is required remain firmly dug in. Charles Haughey's main concern during the Forum seemed to be to ensure that Garret FitzGerald did not use it to steal a march on him. His insistence that the report should come out favouring a unitary state as its preferred solution to the Irish problem as his price for agreeing to a unanimous report was simply playing Dublin politics. There is as yet no sign that the arch-conservative Roman Catholic hierarchy in the South would be prepared to give up an inch of its dominant social and political position in the Republic for some all-Ireland compromise. Meanwhile the various shades of Unionist politics in the North give no sign of learning anything or forgetting anything.

There is, as Clive Soley argues on page 11, one critical key to any hope of unlocking this situation. So long as Ulster Unionists are allowed in effect a total veto on *any* constitutional proposal affecting Northern Ireland, there is no hope of *any* progress. They have assumed this right since 1912, when their threat to use unlawful force induced a Liberal government to withdraw a Home Rule bill for the whole of Ireland. The veto is presently enshrined in the 1973 Northern Ireland Constitution Act.

The reality, as the Forum report fully recognised, is that any new political arrangement for all-Ireland would have to be acceptable to Unionists and would have to accommodate the essential aspects of the Protestant/Unionist tradition. It would simply not be possible to coerce so many into an unwelcome political structure. But, equally, the present formal guarantee of a veto creates a total immobilism in Unionist politics that prevents any constitutional movement. Nothing will happen unless and until the Westminster government calls the unionist card. The next initiative must come from the British government. □

Farewell, Sir Campbell

THE OUTGOING President of the Confederation of British Industry, Sir Campbell Fraser, is one of those establishment businessmen who give every appearance of actually believing all that stuff he has spouted over the years about the importance of management's right to manage and of incentive schemes that link what employees get to their company's performance.

He presumably hopes that the 23,000 UK employees of Dunlop made redundant while he was the company's chairman between 1978 and 1984, see the funny side of it all. For Dunlop is a prime example of a well-established, moderate size British business that has been run into the ground by incompetent management. In conventional terms, Dunlop ought to be in receivership. Because of its name and its history, its bankers have been under extraordinary political pressure to bail it out. They have now provided it with overdraft facilities on an unprecendented scale and against every known banking precept of the right proportion of loans to equity finance.

Dunlop was brought to its knees by the decision — taken in 1970 when Fraser was joint managing and his mentor, Sir Reay Geddes, was chairman — to merge with the Italian tyre company, Pirelli. The merger was grandly termed a 'union', was hailed by Roy Jenkins as a wonderful example of European industrial cooperation, and was a disaster. The Dunlop management had simply not checked properly on the state of Pirelli. The Italian company's losses (Dunlop could not get out of the 'union' until 1981) destroyed Dunlop's capacity to weather the recession of the 1970s. Last year Dunlop lost £166 million and sold off its traditional tyre business to a Japanese company.

And the Dunlop management? Geddes went on to become deputy chairman of the Midland Bank. Fraser became chairman and has pontificated to us from the platform of the CBI. He has also looked after himself. When he was finally removed as chairman of Dunlop this January he collected £137,400 by way of compensation from the unexpired part of a contract that he had wisely arranged for himself with the company. □

Special *NS* supplement on Europe: 18 May

The issues behind the Euro-elections on 14 June

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The high cost of employment

IT COST the government over £3m to create 80 jobs for just five years at a South Wales factory. The company, Merryweather & Sons, a leading maker of fire engines, disappeared overnight from the site in Rassau near Ebbw Vale clearing out the factory so thoroughly that even the workers' tools left in the building were taken away.

The factory was built by the Welsh Development Agency at a cost of £1.5 million less than five years ago. The timing of the departure appears to have coincided with the ending of the five-year rent-free period granted by the Agency, a concession estimated to be worth between £250,000 and £500,000. The company also received a development grant of £1½m when it moved to Wales.

The company have taken all the equipment, including several partly-built fire engines which were spirited away to a Plymouth factory where the company is to restart production.

Merryweather moved to Rassau from London with promises of creating 250 jobs in an area hard hit by the closure of steel making at the British Steel Corporation's Ebbw Vale plant. In fact, employment at Merryweather never reached 100.

The workers have been made redundant although some were offered temporary employment in Devon to train up the Plymouth workforce, an offer most found insulting.

The loss of the workers' tools in the move has, according to Les Richards, the local AUEW official, meant it is impossible for them to find another job. Compensation was being obtained from the company he said.

Merryweather is owned by Siebe Gorman (Holdings) Limited, of Windsor, Berkshire, a well-known safety equipment concern. Last year Siebe Gorman brought the Tecalemit Group for a reported £18 million and decided to move Merryweather to the Plymouth factory of its new acquisition.

Siebe Gorman executives have failed to return the *New Stateman*'s calls, but the company secretary Ian Bowman was able to say last week: 'There is no one available to answer questions'. Meanwhile some South Wales engineers are waiting for their tools — having already been given their cards.

Tony Heath

Greg Szpruko

Anxious policeman worried that his absence of identification lapel will show

The battle of Wivenhoe

THE SMALL Essex port of Wivenhoe has become a battleground in the nine-week-old miners' dispute with more than 150 arrested there last week alone.

An estimated 700 miners have been drafted in to stop the import of coal through the non-union port — one of several on the Essex coast. The coal is flooding in at a rate of 10,000 tons a week — mainly from Belgium and West Germany. But some of it is re-exported Kent coal which had been stockpiled on the Continent for several weeks.

The police have retaliated to the mass picketing by drafting in a section of the Special Patrol Group from Chelmsford and members of the Metropolitan Police are being billeted nearby. As they were making little progress, a group of miners decided on a sit-down protest at a picket so all would be arrested, grab the headlines and focus the attention of the union nationally on their case. Their ploy certainly seems to have done the trick as hundreds more miners have been drafted in from Derbyshire, South Wales, Leicestershire and elsewhere. Hundreds more are expected to be drafted in to the area this week.

Pickets have complained that police have hidden their identification numbers, and have chased them over fields and kicked them off public footpaths where they have a right to be. The police say no instruction has been given to conceal police numbers but the picture above clearly shows policemen without them. The Chief Constable of Essex has also put out feelers to the strike committee to hold talks to try and calm the situation.

The miners have also been infuriated by the failure of the Transport and General Workers' Union to stop its lorry driver members from crossing picket lines. The union strengthened its support from 'guidance' to an 'instruction' in the middle of April but union members are still driving coal lorries through the picket lines. The T&G seems powerless to control some of its members who are owner drivers and are using their union card simply as a convenience for getting work.

At nearby Essex University students have been warned by the dean not to put up guests overnight — a barely veiled threat to students who have been letting miners sleep in the tower blocks on campus. More significantly, moves are now afoot to evict the 300 miners — currently being accommodated by the students' union on their premises. The university has threatened to revoke the lease to the union — possibly using as a pretext the fire risk involved with so many people on site.

Mike Wagstaff

Brain damage affects all boxers

THE FAILURE of the British Boxing Board of Control to co-operate with medical research into the dangers of boxing was highlighted by the publication of a damning report in the US last week.

The US study, conducted by Dr Ira Cassom in New York, covered 70 amateur and professional boxers and found that virtually all, even those with just a few fights to their name, had signs of brain damage. Yet here, the BBBC refused to co-operate with a similar survey which the British Medical Association (BMA) wanted to conduct, using brain scans on currently active professional boxers — because the BMA had already stated its opposition to boxing. The BBBC argues that studies in other countries are not relevant as safety standards are higher here.

However, the BMA report published in March and based on studies of amateur boxers and a few ex-professionals in the UK, concluded: 'Direct evidence is now accumulating from scanning that shows beyond doubt that permanent brain damage still commonly occurs in men who box whether professionally or as amateurs.' The tenor of the report was that it is absurd to talk of safety standards, given the very nature of boxing — which involves striking the body's most sensitive organ.

Given that brain damage is occurring in amateurs of quite limited experience, it seems likely that brain scanning would reveal brain damage among currently active professional boxers, which would result in the boxers in question being forced to retire. Several 'hot properties' could be involved, as shown by the discovery by Dr Cassom that Muhammad Ali is suffering from brain damage. Indeed, the BMA report states: 'The pressure of "big business" is the most formidable obstacle to the banning of boxing'.

Despite the grim warnings from the doctors, it is unlikely that any legislation will be forthcoming. Sports Minister Neil Macfarlane responded to the BMA report by saying that he did not expect any parliamentary moves and thought the 'safety' precautions were quite adequate.

Jim Mulligan

Hard line on hardliners

PRO-SOVIET Communist Party activists fear another 'purge' of the hard left when the Party's Executive Committee (EC) holds its bi-monthly meeting this weekend. The meeting will discuss the possible expulsion of five members.

Since the strife-torn party congress last November where hardliners mounted a major challenge to the leadership, four hard Left opponents of the Euro-communist-dominated executive have already been expelled. The expulsions included two key members of the traditionally hard Left northern district — veteran ex-miner Charlie Woods from Newcastle and district secretary Brian Topping.

Woods's pamphlet, *Crisis in our Communist Party — cause, effect and cure*, proposed an alternative party

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leadership. Topping was one of four signatories to an alternative slate of EC candidates circulated at the bitter and polarised congress.

Attention is now fixed on the fate of five branch committee members from Newcastle, the largest and most active branch in northern district: branch secretary Margaret Mound, a Greenham activist; treasurer Ruth Wallis; district *Morning Star* organiser Janet Sharp; Young Communist League chair Steve Bishop and Ivan Sears.

All five 'expressed disagreement' with the January expulsions and have been individually interviewed by two EC members. They are accused of a 'breach of democratic centralism'. In an unprecedented move, the Newcastle five have outlined their fears of expulsion in a two-page 'appeal' to fellow branch members. Newcastle members are being urged to 'act now' by phoning or writing to the Party's London HQ to 'urge the EC to drop this astonishing and damaging course of action'.

If the Newcastle five are expelled at the weekend, pro-Soviet activists fear a more sweeping 'clear-out' of hard Left leadership opponents could follow. The CPGB refused to comment.

Eve Knight

Accountants lose local elections

IN A remarkable display of professional neutrality, two accountancy firms have come to diametrically opposite conclusions over the financial implications of abolishing the GLC and the six metropolitan counties. Price Waterhouse, commissioned by eight Tory councils, has found that abolition would save up to £35m a year on staffing alone while the Coopers and Lybrand report paid for by the Labour-controlled metropolitan authorities and published in February found a strong risk of substantial extra costs. The figure in the Price Waterhouse report, published in the run-up to last week's council elections, was immediately doubled in claims by Tory leaders of the eight authorities. But its message was promptly rejected by the electors.

In three of the councils concerned, Birmingham, Dudley and Stockport, the Conservatives lost control. But the Tories did fight off the Labour threat in the Wirral and even gained two seats in Trafford. The other councils involved were Sefton (Merseyside), Solihull and Bury.

The spectacle of two allegedly 'independent' reports by top accountancy firms contradicting each other has brought out the stiff upper lips. Ian Hancock of Coopers confined his criticism of PW to saying theirs was a 'much more broad-brush approach'. A PW partner said he was 'not in a position to comment'. Compared to the £220,000 Coopers report, the PW study was a modest affair, costing just £18,000 and taking 15 days.

PW know Birmingham and Dudley well, as they are their auditors and, until the Audit Commission banned the practice, they acted as consultants to both, giving advice on cost-cutting measures. They have got round the ban this time by spreading their consultancy fee between eight councils so that it doesn't exceed the £5,000 maximum consultancy fee which an auditor is allowed to earn from the council whose books it also audits. Just to be on the safe side, the fee was paid through Trafford council.

John Rentoul

MISCELLANY

Police 400

The City of London police were anxious to use arrests to get the 'Stop the City' demonstrators off the streets last month. So their dirty tricks department dug up the 1839 City of London Police Act, mainly concerned with the free passage of carts and horses and 'preventing

obstructions during public processions and other occasions'. PCs were issued with directions under this Act to move on people loitering or gathering together. The 1839 Act doesn't carry the power of arrest, but under the 1964 Police Act the police can arrest anyone 'obstructing' them in the course of their duty. Which on this particular occasion was to enforce the 1839 Act. So if you were arrested for sitting with a friend on a park bench watching the demo that day, now you know why. The trials of the 400 arrested on 29 March start later this month at the Guildhall.

Botched job

Labour Party general secretary Jim Mortimer is in for a shock when he reads a new book about Militant, due to be published by Faber on 18 June. It reveals that when Labour's national executive tried to expel the *Militant* editorial board, it failed. Five people were expelled, but according to the book's author, Michael Crick, there were actually ten people on the board at the time. Crick says the other five, who are still members of the Labour Party, are: Militant international secretary Roger Silverman, the then youth secretary Tony Saunois, industrial secretary Brian Ingham and *Militant* journalists John Pickard and Peter Jarvis.

The Exitists

To even up the score, let us name the ten on the other side. Crick also reveals that a group of Labour MPs, who actually called themselves the Group of Ten, persuaded Michael Foot to take action against Peter Tatchell and the Militant Tendency in late 1981. Four of them lost their seats at the election — Phillip Whitehead, Ann Taylor, Arthur Davidson and Ken Woolmer. But how strange that all six who survived should now be on Neil Kinnock's front bench — John Cunningham, Giles Radice, Andrew Bennett, Jack Straw, Jeff Rooker and Robert Kilroy-Silk.

His Master's Voice

Are women a problem in your life? Do you not know what to think of them? Many people have been worried by these questions but at last there are answers at hand. Tony Cliff, aging guru of the Socialist Worker's Party, *né* International Socialists, has written the definitive tome on the Woman Question, out soon. It has taken a long time to come to fruition not least because even the loyal women left in the SWP (most feminists drifted out with the increasing clamp-down on incorrect thoughts followed by the closure of *Women's Voice*) found the first draft of the book beyond the pale. Cliff is not known for his enthusiasm for the women's movement and his book is enabling him to lay down the party line and settle old scores. Back in 1970 when IS was the place to be, an American member, Barbara Winslow, studying at Warwick University under Edward Thompson, moved IS's first ever conference resolution on women. It was feminist in tone and, although defeated, challenged Cliff's *Weltanschauung* and authority. Winslow, with her husband Cal, set up the International Socialist Organisation in the US at the end of the 1970s, which British SWP rewarded with the American franchise. But the Winslows have now been expelled after a split fomented by the demand from the imperious Cliff for an International Debate to establish the correct line on the Woman Question. Surviving members wait anxiously to see what question Cliff plans to answer next.

Handshake hotline

A new development in the propaganda war between the miners and the National Coal Board: an NCB free telephone service in Northumberland and Durham giving details of the new redundancy terms for 21-49 year olds (about £1,000 for every year worked). After a week, 2,266 calls had been recorded, and the figure is being used by the NCB to prove it can lose 20,000 jobs without compulsory redundancies. Of course it really only proves that many miners want to be fully informed about their conditions of employment, but dangling up to £36,480 in front of miners who haven't seen wages for two months must be the ultimate in dirty tricks.

Curran affairs

Editor of *New Socialist*, James Curran, soon to be succeeded by Stuart Weir, is cast on the side of the enemy by students and staff of the Visual Communications course at the up-and-coming Goldsmiths' College. Curran became head of the department a few months ago, knowing the college was going for upgrading to School status — as an autonomous college in London University with the same standing as the LSE — but not knowing the scale of cuts intended for his fiefdom. Compulsory redundancies have been handed out to six people, equivalent to a staff reduction of 40 per cent. NATFHE members fear they are being victimised for their 'troublesome' reputation — they pushed out the previous head of department with, they thought, the blessing of the college authorities. One-time leftie Richard Hoggart, head of the college and living on his reputation as the author of *Uses of Literacy*, has said: 'What do we need unions for here? You're not a bunch of steelworkers.' Curran is being criticised for not opposing the cuts with convincing vigour, and for approaching Dick Hebdige, author of *Subculture: The Meaning of Style*, to apply for the eight-tenths of a full-time job which will be available in the department next year. Curran says he thinks the cuts have gone too far, but that some are necessary to re-orient the department's work and respond to the closure of two courses. Uses of communication will be required reading next year.

Error of his ways

Last week we revealed that Dr Rhodes Boyson, the minister for social security, had been a local councillor. Could have looked that up in *Who's Who*, you might have thought. This is because of what is known in the printed media as a 'typing error'. What we were trying to bring to your attention was the fact, suppressed in his *Who's Who* entry, that for seven years until 1964 Boyson was a *Labour* councillor.

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Labour recovery uncertain at the polls

BOTH Neil Kinnock and Margaret Thatcher were in a bullish mood after last week's parliamentary by-election and local government election results. Kinnock claimed that if the results had occurred at a general election he would now be prime minister, while Thatcher simply announced: 'We won'. Both were wrong.

Analysis of the results in the local government elections in 60 parliamentary constituencies in England and Scotland collected by the BBC and the *Sunday Times* indicates that if there had been a general election, the likeliest result would have been a 'hung' parliament.

But, of the two party leaders, Neil Kinnock may have been the more pleased with the results. They were better than might have been expected from most recent opinion polls which put Labour on average five percentage points behind the Conservatives. And an extra two million people, including a million in Birmingham and half a million in Edinburgh, now have a Labour controlled district council.

One obvious counter to this rosy outlook were the by-election results. In Surrey South West and Stafford the Alliance, as at Penrith and Chesterfield, belied their national opinion poll rating by improving on their general election performance by 11 and seven points respectively, while largely maintaining their share of the poll in Cynon Valley. Translated into a national voting pattern, the three by-elections suggested a 35 per cent Conservative vote, 32 Alliance and just 31 Labour. Labour must be worried that where the Alliance gained second place last year, even if as at Stafford only narrowly, the electorate has come to see the Alliance as the main alternative to the Conservatives.

Another question is whether Labour's performance measures up against its previous performances a year into the life of a Conservative government. Labour clearly failed to do as well as in 1971 when Harold Wilson had a clear lead over Heath's government. It barely matches up to the less favourable precedent of 1980 when local elections suggested a narrow Labour lead. A good indication of how well Labour did compared with 1980 can be obtained by looking at the pattern of gains and losses last Thursday and distinguishing between those councils (the majority) where the seats up for grabs were last fought in 1980, and those where they were last fought in 1982 or 1983 (see table).

While Labour did a little better than in 1980 in Scotland and the metropolitan areas (both of which have been drifting towards Labour over a long period), it did rather less well in the non-metropolitan areas. The impression of progress given by its overall gain of 45 seats last week was actually a consequence of its recovery from the disaster of 1982 and disappointment of 1983.

The Alliance too, has reason to be disappointed with its performance. If it had done as well at Stafford and Surrey South West as it had at Penrith or Chesterfield, it would have been celebrating a breakthrough rather than a near miss. But the answer to the equivalent question for Labour — How well is the Alliance doing at this stage in the parliamentary cycle? — is rather different. The Liberal Party did nothing like as well as last week's 22 per cent in local elections in either 1971 or 1980. In 1980 it was struggling to maintain the 14 per cent level of support it achieved in the 1979 general election.

Labour net gains or losses

seats last fought in	*to/from all parties*	*to/from Con. only*
1980 (English Met. Districts)	+9	+5
1980 (English Non-Met. Districts)	-35	-14
1980 (Scottish Districts*)	+19	+12
1982 (English Met. Districts)	+32	+30
1983 (English Non-Met. Districts)	+24	+20

*includes only those councils where there were no boundary changes. Contests in seven Welsh councils excluded.

The Alliance was helped by doing something for which it is not renowned — gaining votes where it most counted. There was actually no average change in the Alliance vote since last May. But among those wards where the Alliance won more than 25 per cent of the vote last May, most Alliance candidates increased their share of the poll, a third of them by more than five points. Most other Alliance candidates did worse than last year. This concentration of Alliance gains in wards where they were already strong helped them to do rather better in terms of council seats than their vote suggests.

Within the Alliance, the Liberals remain very much the senior partner in local government. Of the 145 Alliance net gains, 117 were Liberal. Ever since the SDP started contesting elections in alliance with the Liberals in 1982, the SDP have fought more of the Alliance's less attractive wards. They have failed to overcome that disadvantage either by renegotiating the original allocation of wards or by building up their own local government strength.

While Labour has little reason to be exuberant over last Thursday's results a number of Tory Euro-MPs must have heard the results with dismay. If the 14 June poll result is similar to last week's the Conservatives' Euro-delegation will be reduced from 61 to fewer than 40.

John Curtice, Clive Payne and Robert Waller

The Liverpool Story

LABOUR'S seven gains in Liverpool saw its majority rise to 17. This gives the ruling group the opportunity to pass its 'illegal' budget without the support of its rebel members, setting the scene for a bruising confrontation with the government.

Labour's success, however, did not reflect a sharp upsurge in support. In contrast to virtually everywhere else, the Labour vote fell since last May — but only by just under one point to 46 per cent. It represented a confirmation of the sharp change in the city's local politics last year when the Labour vote rose by nearly 10 per cent. This increase, coupled with a decline in the Alliance vote in certain key wards, has enabled the party in the last two years to win seats held by the Alliance since the full council election in 1980.

Liverpool does indeed appear to be moving away from the three-party politics of the past ten years. But it is not the Alliance which is disappearing. The Liberals have replaced the support they lost in the inner city with increases in wards which previously elected Conservative councillors. The Conservatives won just three of the city's 33 wards last Thursday and did not come close to winning any others. Not much solace for Jenkin and his commissioners.

● One feature of last week's local elections not given the attention it deserved by the London-based media is Labour's historic win in Edinburgh. Pundits and party activists only ever expected that Labour would end up as the largest single party in the city. Instead for the first time Labour gained outright control with an overall majority of six, larger than the Tories have ever had.

Since Labour's victory the media in Scotland have concentrated on two issues of marginal importance — the decision to change the title Lord Provost (the equivalent of Lord Mayor) to Convenor and Labour's notion of making the Edinburgh Festival 'less elitist'. Other decisions — not to spend over £6 million on a new opera house and moves to stop a controversial new road development — have received rather less attention.

Police poly pickets win

FOUR LECTURERS criticised by their union for picketing a police college after reports of racist essays by trainees have won their case.

This brings to a close the 18 months' row triggered off by John Fernandes's revelations in the press of the racist nature of essays written by his pupils at the Hendon Police College. Fernandes was banned from the school though not sacked as he was employed by Brent Council. However, when four members of his branch of NATFHE (National Association of Teachers in Further and Higher Education) organised lobbies and a picket of the school in support of Fernandes, they attracted the wrath of both the union's national executive and the Outer London Region's leadership (see *NS* 21 October 1983). Encouraged by this, a NATFHE member still working at the police college brought a complaint against the four for, among other things, 'causing and participating in pickets', 'campaigning against NATFHE policy' and 'causing a meeting to be unrepresentative'.

All these charges were dismissed by the union's complaints group following a two-day hearing, with the exception of a technical point relating to a failure to inform the union's Brent liaison committee of intended action. The four were given a warning.

NATFHE general secretary Peter Dawson declined to comment on the case because, he claimed, it might still be the subject of a further hearing should either party appeal.

Christian Wolmar

Young change

DAVID YOUNG, chairman of the Manpower Services Commission, last week showed he may not have sufficient mettle to join Thatcher's staff by climbing down over his plans for youth training cuts in south west London (see last week's *NS*). TUC and CBI representatives on the SW London Area Manpower Board were incensed when their decision to reject a cuts package prepared by local MSC officials was overruled by Young at Easter. Young only agreed to meet members of the Board following pressure from his own commissioners.

At the meeting last Friday, Young withdrew his previous decision and gave the Board until the end of June to decide how the cuts will be put into effect. MSC officials have been instructed to prepare a number of options. Young told the Board that the number of places being cut could be renegotiated, if the Board can show that the MSC's undertaking to offer training places to all unemployed 16-year-old school leavers is unlikely to be met.

Quentin McDermott

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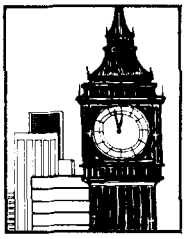

PETER KELLNER Political Editor

Lies, damned lies and Tory election excuses

FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS it looked as if the Tory press had slipped anchor and gone fishing for the truth. The *Daily Mail* was typical. Last Friday morning, under the headline 'Tories slide at the polls', the lead story of its final edition opened with the sentence: 'Britain's mini-election yesterday turned into a night of gloom for Mrs Thatcher and the Government'. There followed the kind of tabloid prose that usually accompanies dramatic political events: a 'rock-solid majority slashed' (in South-West Surrey); a 'major blow' for the government (in Liverpool); a 'bitter blow to the Tories' (Birmingham); and so on.

By the weekend, however, the right-wing papers had returned to port, where new charts awaited them. The Conservatives, so the line went, had not really done that badly at all. By-election upsets are nothing new, even this early in a Parliament. The Conservatives had come within 500 votes of losing Southend East in March 1980 — only for their majority to recover to more than 10,000 last June. Even the local elections were not that disappointing: in other years the party of government might expect to lose 400 or 500 seats — three times the number they actually lost last week.

A slightly more sophisticated line of Tory reasoning runs as follows: do not be fooled by extrapolations from local election votes to national voting intentions. Such calculations suggested that last week Labour and Conservatives each had 37 per cent nationwide support, while the Liberal/SDP Alliance collected 22 per cent. In fact (so the argument runs) Labour tends to do better and the Conservatives worse in local polls than in national ones, so the 'real' level of support for the Conservatives is still above 40 per cent, just as the opinion polls say.

As with all good propaganda there is some truth in each proposition. But to say that the electorate is still in love with the Conservatives is moonshine. The Tories may not have done disastrously last week, but their performance was still bad enough to suggest a clear weakening in support since last summer.

Let us take each of the three propositions in turn. First: 'Early by-election reverses are not unusual'. True enough: but the conclusion that they can therefore be dismissed does not logically follow. When the Conservatives almost lost Southend four years ago they were losing popularity nationally. It was a process that continued almost without break for another 18 months. By the autumn of 1981 the Prime Minister and her government were as unpopular as any since the war. Had it not been for Labour's splits, the birth of the SDP and, above all, the Falklands war, Thatcher might well not be Prime Minister today. The fall in Tory support in Southend — and in last week's by-elections — may have been exaggerated by protest votes and differential abstentions: but the fall then was real enough — and it is real enough now.

Second proposition: 'The Tories' local election losses would normally have been a great deal higher'. Clearly, had the Tories been less popular, their losses would have been greater. But the baseline for most of last week's contests was 1980, which was not a particularly good year for the Conservatives; so the likelihood of large losses was never very great. In councils where the seats being contested were last fought in 1982 — at the height of the Falklands war — Tory losses were indeed significant (see analysis opposite).

Third proposition: 'The Tories do worse in local polls: nationally they are still in the lead'. There is some truth in this. MORI polls for the *Sunday Times*, both last year and this, have found a tendency for the Conservatives to do better on 'national' than 'local' voting intention questions; and both years' local election results have been worse for the Tories than their general poll rating at the time. But this did not happen in 1980, 1981, or 1982. In 1981, indeed, the Tories did slightly *better* in local votes than in opinion polls taken then. The proper response to this year's discrepancy between local and national figures is not to discount it, but to try to understand it.

IN THE ABSENCE of direct information about the motivation of people who tell pollsters they would vote Conservative in a general election, but who do not do so in by-elections or local elections, we must infer what we can from the information that is available.

Two apparently contradictory messages emerge from recent opinion polls. The first is that the Prime Minister is losing popularity faster than her government. The second is that the public has far more faith in *Thatcher*, the person, than in *Thatcherism*, the prescription for solving Britain's problems.

Each month Gallup charts the approval ratings of the government and, separately, of the Prime Minister. Normally the figures move in parallel. Since last December, however, their paths have diverged, as the following figures show:

Percentage dissatisfied with . . .

	(a) Govt %	(b) Thatcher %	(a)-(b) %
Dec 1983	50	48	2
Jan 1984	46	46	0
Feb	45	48	-3
March	49	52	-3
April	45	50	-5

To put these figures in some perspective, 70 per cent were dissatisfied with both Thatcher and her government in December 1981, at the peak of their unpopularity, so we still have some way to go before either returns to a level of public appreciation appropriate to their performance. But the period since the Falklands, when the Conservatives could count on Thatcher's personality to win public support for the party whatever its politics appear, from Gallup's figures, to be over.

On the face of it, the recent Harris poll for the *Observer* suggests a different conclusion. It found that 79 per cent think Thatcher to be 'the toughest Prime Minister since Churchill' — but, inflation apart, few people believe that the government's policies are solving Britain's long-term problems.

Even among Conservatives, inflation is the only one of a list of nine problems listed that a majority (68 per cent) think that the government has started to tackle successfully. 'Success' ratings among Conservative supporters on other issues, in percentages, are: the competitiveness of British industry 34, relations with other countries 21, the crime rate 15, industrial relations 13, encouraging people to work harder 10, immigration and race relations 9, unemployment 7, getting rid of poverty 7.

I find these remarkable scores. One of the main purposes of the poll was to test public opinion perceptions of Thatcher's own view of what she claims she is doing — tackling deep-seated economic and social problems. She talks repeatedly about her policies creating 'real' jobs, restoring competitiveness, creating incentives and so on. Not only is the public as a whole sceptical: it seems that most Conservatives remain unconvinced. The government's support appears to be far more narrowly based than ministers seem to think. It is inflation, the Falklands war and Thatcher's 'toughness' that are working for the Conservatives — and the fact that they have largely escaped blame for Britain's economic performance. But the proposition that the government has started to reverse decades of decline does not wash with the electorate.

The problem for the Tories is that while *Thatcher* won them the last election, *Thatcherism* may lose them the next. In other words, last June the electorate rewarded the Prime Minister for what were seen as her personal qualities; in 1987 or 1988 she will be judged on whether she really has delivered the economic and social change she has promised. So far the Conservatives' national poll rating has held fairly stable since last summer. But the small print of the polls, together with last week's local and by-elections all indicate a diminishing faith in the Prime Minister's personal prospectus for Britain. □

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COVER STORY

Operation propaganda

In the spring of 1975 the Vietnamese war was drawing to an end. The defeat of the US military forces, and the Saigon-based government which they supported, had become inevitable. The North Vietnamese troops, with a communist government based in Hanoi and the Vietcong, the southern liberation army, were about to achieve complete military victory as well as to re-unite the country, divided in 1954 after the defeat of the French.

As panic at the 'fall' of Saigon spread, several thousand children, supposedly all orphans, were whisked out of the country in airlifts, mostly to the USA. But there was one airlift to Britain, sponsored by the *Daily Mail*. Helen Jacobus was a volunteer who helped look after these children when they arrived. She has now traced many of them, and here reports what happened at the time and since — raising some disturbing questions about the intervention of a British national daily paper in the lives of those not able to choose

AS THE ARMY of communists — the North Vietnamese — moved inexorably round Saigon, panic spread through the South. Fed for years on tales of the vengeance and barbarism that would be meted out to all connected with the Americans, thousands began, in the Spring of 1975 to besiege the US Embassy in Saigon. Prime targets for Communist retribution would be, it was said, the children of Vietnamese women and American servicemen — the 'Amer-Asians'.

On 2 April, three weeks before Saigon 'fell', the Americans announced the start of 'Operation Babylift' — the mass airlift of 2,000 Vietnamese orphans to save them from the anticipated bloodbath. The first plane, a Galaxy, left two days later carrying 243 children. It crashed on take-off, killing 206 of the children and 44 adults.

Also on 2 April, in London, a similar scheme was conceived and got under way to airlift more orphans to Britain. According to Brian Freemantle, foreign editor of the *Daily Mail*, the idea was his, though there are conflicting versions of who thought of, and pushed through, the plan. Within the day, the *Daily Mail* had got clearance from the Home Office for the children to enter and had approached a Christian evangelical charity, Project Vietnam Orphans (PVO) to select the children and supervise their passage. Despite the ominous start to the whole 'babylift scheme', on 6 April the plane carrying 100 Vietnamese children, a Save the Children Fund medical team, assorted journalists and the editor of the *Daily Mail*,(now Sir) David English, finally got clearance to leave Saigon. Triumphant details of the newspaper's 'mercy-flight' were spread over more than three pages of the next issue of the *Daily Mail*.

At the time I was 21 years old and one of scores of volunteers working for the Ockenden Venture, a charity for refugees. Ockenden provided the reception centre for the children and there I helped care for them. I became close to several of them and ever since I have wanted to know how they settled down in Britain. Finally, nine years on, I set out to trace as many of them as I could.

At the back of my mind I had been perturbed about some of the arrangements. The Ockenden Venture, whose aims I had idealistically shared, had always been opposed to uprooting children unnecessarily from their own culture. More worrying had been my contact with the PVO workers with whom I shared a dormitory at the reception centre. Every night they held a prayer meeting where they prayed for the 'communist devils' to be expelled from Vietnam. With such missionary fervour, had they been blinded to the best interests of the children?

According to the *Daily Mail* of 7 April 1975, all the children were orphans and were 'scheduled for adoption by the British organisations looking after them'. Neither of these claims was true. Twenty-three of the children were brought into Britain by the Ockenden Venture, and all of these were genuine orphans. Most were handicapped and had been living in Ockenden orphanages in Vietnam. They were never intended for adoption and with the exception of two disabled boys who are now in foster homes, they have stayed in groups in Ockenden homes in Britain.

Of the original children one died on the flight and two more died shortly after. Twenty-two children were flown to Belgium, Switzerland and France for adoption. The main adoption agency was Terre des Hommes. It now says that it has no record of any of the children brought over via the *Daily Mail* airlift.

The remaining children were brought in by PVO, the Christian charity run by the Reverend Patrick Ashe. Of those, only five had in fact been scheduled for adoption. Half of them were babies ranging from two to 18 months old. Most of the rest were toddlers, with about half a dozen four- and five-year-olds, and two nine-year-old boys. I found that the adoption of one of the nine-year-olds had broken down and he had to be taken into council care. (Ockenden's founder, Miss Joyce Pearce MBE, had deeply disapproved of the West adopting Third World children over 18 months old, fearing the psychological consequences of placing children of 'knowing age' in a remote and alien culture.) The second nine-year-old (see box) refused to be adopted, claiming he was not an orphan at all but that his mother was still alive in Vietnam.

PVO's policy was to place children with families sharing the strong Christian beliefs of the organisation. Despite the 'thorough vetting' of prospective parents — 'PVO helpers sift through thousands of letters a year from couples anxious to adopt a Vietnamese child' reported the *Daily Mail* — many of those chosen failed to keep in touch with PVO. Thus those I did manage to trace were probably in the more conscientious families. Most of these have settled in happily with their new families. Interestingly, those I talked to, including the children who left Vietnam when at a 'knowing age', all have amnesia about life in Vietnam. They remember nothing of it at all.

Perhaps this is just as well because there is strong evidence that suggests that many, like Duy Lam, were not genuine orphans, but had left behind mothers or other living relatives. Some of the children were clearly genuine orphans or permanently abandoned. Others had been given to the airlift by mothers because they needed urgent medical help. Some mothers handed over their children because they feared that Communists would kill Amer-Asians. And other children were placed in orphanages for safety and care as a temporary measure during war.

PVO knew at the time that some of the children had living mothers. Roy Clarke, the man who now runs Christian Outreach, as PVO has become, says that he remembers 'quite a tearful scene' at the airport as a mother of one of the children waved goodbye. 'Our feeling was, what was the alternative.' Though the children on the *Daily Mail* flight might not have been orphaned, he says, PVO regarded them as abandoned. 'We thought there was going to be a bloodbath. In the majority of cases relatives weren't going to turn up after the war. In some cases, relatives may have turned up after three or four years, but for a young child, that relative may as well have died.'

Similar acknowledgments have come from agencies which arranged the adoption of Vietnamese children in other countries. Of the 2,000 children taken to the USA, 400 were flown out by the Christian body, Holt International. Their spokesman John Abby now says: 'It's clear that some mothers gave their children to the airlifts hoping to rejoin them, but this wasn't known at the time. Many mothers simply wanted to get their children out

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Duy Lam

Duy Lam was brought to Britain when he was nine years old. His mother was alive when he left and wanted him to go to the US where his father came from. She gave him to a priest four days before the airlift, handed him some photographs and asked him to write to her. He did, but has never received a reply. Nonetheless he plans to save up enough money so he can return to Vietnam to look for his mother.

Considerable pressure was put on him by PVO when he first arrived to be adopted. But he refused, saying his mother was still alive, and stayed with the Ockenden Venture. A sponsor paid for him to go to a private school, but though he excelled academically, he left saying he felt like a fish out of water. He is now studying at a sixth form college and has applied to university to study mechanical engineering. He says that even now he misses his mother and grandmother, who lived next door to them on the outskirts of Saigon. 'I think about them every day and wonder what they may be doing. I try to forget about it really because I've got my own life to lead and it's best to get on.'

Andrew Wiard/Report

of the country and didn't expect they would be adopted. Likewise their adoptive parents were sure the children were really orphans and didn't anticipate mothers later trying to reclaim their children.' The US government's policy on refugees has now changed as a direct result of the April 1975 airlift (see box).

OUT OF ALL the countries which permitted airlifts only the British government left the whole operation to private enterprise in the form of the *Daily Mail* and PVO. The first and last role of the government was to allow the project to go ahead with whirlwind speed. According to Brian Freemantle he thought of it on 2 April and Roy Clarke of PVO says he was telephoned about it at 11.30 the same morning. David English says he thought of it and Stuart Steven, then Associate Editor of the *Daily Mail*, said the idea came up 'absolutely spontaneously' at conference but that he would be 'astonished' if it were not David English's idea.

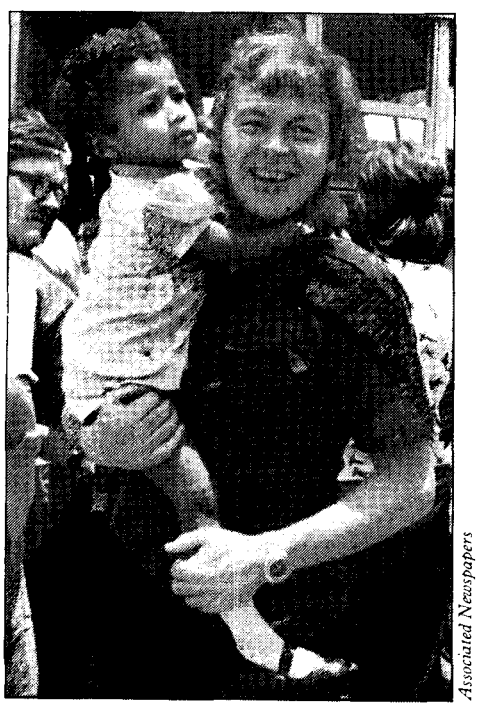
On 3 April a block entry visa for the children to enter was granted by the Home Office. Home Secretary at the time was Roy Jenkins (now SDP) who now has 'no clear recollection of the event'. The decision was never discussed at ministerial level says David Ennals (now Lord), then Minister of State at the Foreign Office. He met the *Daily Mail* flight on its arrival in London, but says this was not in his government capacity, but as chairman of the Ockenden Venture.

The minister at the Home Office, Alex Lyon, says it was the Reverand Ashe who contacted him. 'He (Ashe) claimed he had the consent of the relatives or that the relatives were dead' says Mr Lyon. According to Mr Lyon, the Home Office agreed to let the children in on condition that provision was made for checking that they were orphans. But he says he cannot be certain that such checks were made. Regulations were relaxed because 'if in the middle of a war you come across people who are totally derelict, it makes sense to do something about it.'

BUT HOW REAL was the threat to the children? Former CIA analyst in Vietnam, Frank Snepp, claims in his book *Recent Interval* that Operation Babylift, the American airlift which sparked off the *Daily Mail*'s, was a plot to 'arouse sympathy for the South Vietnam cause around the world.'

> In a sense Operation Babylift was a fraud from the start, for few of the children who were to benefit from it were refugees. Most of them, in fact, had been languishing for years in Saigon's orphanages . . . What better way to smuggle out large numbers of Defence Attaché Office female employees . . . than by slipping them onto orphan flights as nurses and bottle washers?

On 6 April 1975, the day of the *Daily Mail* airlift, an alleged photocopy of a letter by the



Associated Newspapers

David English poses with an Amer-Asian child in Saigon

Other countries

Over 2,500 Vietnamese children were flown to the USA, Canada and Australia with similar razzmatazz but a more watchful role played by their respective governments.

USA

The discovery that many of the 'orphans' had living mothers and relatives followed soon after the children's arrival. About a dozen Vietnamese mothers followed their children and successfully filed lawsuits to prevent their children being adopted.

Lawyer Nancy Sterns from the Centre for Constitutional Rights took up a test case in which a Vietnamese mother was fighting to be reunited with her child who had been placed with an American family. She presented it as a 'class action' to prevent all the adoptions going ahead, but failed.

According to Ms Sterns 'The US government was circulating rumours that panicked mothers. They were saying that Amer-Asian children would be killed by the Communists. People were fleeing from towns before the Communists came in . . . that's why they were giving their children away. When they realised the Communists weren't going to kill the children they wanted their children back.'

The court rejected the claim that the Federal Government should go back over every child's file to check there were no surviving parents and to get permission from relatives for the adoptions to proceed. But it did rule that children who were not orphans could be reunited with their parents. Government policy on refugees has since been changed. Adoptions of unaccompanied children are discouraged and the importance of cultural difference is recognised. Foster homes with families of similar cultural background are found instead.

Canada

110 children were flown to Canada, although on 5 April 1975 Immigration Minister Robert Andras said Canada would not take any more 'orphans' from South Vietnam or Cambodia without the permission of the governments in those countries. The airlift was arranged by the federal government through private adoption agencies. It was condemned by the Save the Children Fund.

Australia

280 children were taken to Australia on flights arranged by the federal government. The children were aged between two weeks and 17 years old. Their adoptions were supervised by the state child welfare authorities.

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deputy South Vietnamese Prime Minister, Dr Phan Quang Dan, was released which stated that 'the departure in large numbers of orphans will cause deep emotion in the world . . . favourable to South Vietnam. The United States Ambassador will assist me in making sure they leave in large numbers.' (*The Times* 7 April 1975)

This document was seen by a British worker with a voluntary agency in Saigon at the time who became extremely suspicious. Earlier, he had been approached for aid by Buddhist nuns at the Social Action Centre of the Van Hanh Buddhist University. They wanted him to evacuate 4,000 displaced and lost children to areas of safety in Vietnam. The children had been put in care of the Social Action Centre by the South Vietnamese Ministry of Social Welfare as they had become separated from their parents by the fighting in the Highlands.

Aid from the British agency was approved — but the children, according to the agency worker, disappeared and they did not hear again from the Ministry of Social Welfare. The letter from Dr Dan — its authenticity is not certain — made him suspect that the children had been put on the American airlift instead. 'The point was', he says, 'that homes had already been found for these children. They had somewhere safe to go to.'

Nonetheless, they disappeared at the time that thousands of children were available for an airlift, a time when the propaganda appeal of hundreds of frightened children being whisked away from the communists was enormous.

Today's Vietnamese Ambassador to Britain, Mr Dang Ngheim Bai, claims that not only was there no retribution handed out to Amer-Asian children, but integrating such children was a familiar task in Vietnam. A whole generation of half-French children had already been integrated, he claims, by the time the US became involved in the country. 'We are used to the problem. It is one of the consequences of war.'

There certainly were many childen in Vietnamese orphanages by the end of the war — about 800,000 of them. But, according to Mr Bai, such 'orphanages', often run by charities and relief agencies, functioned as refuges for all sorts of children.

> It was very hard for women during the war. Many of the men had been killed. They were the breadwinners, and it left the women on their own with children, unable to cope. There were half a million prostitutes in Saigon. Women came to the city to earn money and they would take their children to orphanages where they would be looked after.

Dr Jean McMichael of the Medical Aid Committee for Vietnam agrees. 'Only a small proportion of children in orphanages throughout the war and at its end were truly alone in the world with not relatives left to care for them.' Out of those 800,000 children, 90 per cent have been resettled in the countryside with their mothers or other relatives, says Mr Bai. The reconnections were often made by an agency of the state Women's Union, charged with tracing parents and children and re-uniting them.

The government in North Vietnam knew nothing of the proposed airlifts until the crash of the Galaxy. Officials of the South Vietnamese government opposed the *Daily Mail* airlift until the last minute, saying they were not satisfied that the children were entitled to leave the country.

THE CHILDREN who came to Britain were drawn from two orphanages in particular: one run by the Dominican Sisters who had fled from Qui Nhon to Saigon and Mr Victor Srinivasin's homes in Saigon, Hope One and Hope Two. The block visa granted by the Home Office admitted them as refugees, not as children scheduled for adoption. Three days after they arrived therefore, Ashe went back to Vietnam to get 'release certificates' from orphanages. These did give the legal clearance for adoptions in Britain to go ahead — but it is not known how many of the still living mothers had given their permission for their children to be adopted by British families — or indeed, even understood that the children were being taken away for adoption.

Today, the Rev Clarke who now heads PVO/Christian Outreach says: 'In all fairness I would have thought probably she wouldn't have known the child would have gone abroad for adoption. No, I think that's true, she wouldn't have known.' The individual children were chosen not by PVO, but by the Dominican Sisters and Mr Srinivasin.

NINE YEARS later, few of the children settled in Britain remember anything of that orphanage life. Duy Lam (see box) has the clearest memories — and the strongest reason to keep alive the connection, as he hopes to trace his own mother. Diem was only three when she arrived in Britain. She was adopted by a Gloucestershire family and attends a private school. Eighteen months ago, her natural mother got in touch with her, and the two now write to each other regularly. Her mother consented to her adoption because Diem was near death from amoebic dysentery in Vietnam.

Diem's natural mother made contact when she approached a British businessman in Ho Chi Minh City and asked him to find out how her daughter was. They made contact soon afterwards. Diem says 'I feel very lucky to have two mothers who obviously love me so much.' Her adoptive mother says she is happy for her daughter to visit her natural mother. Their closeness was founded when Diem was in the reception centre where her adoptive mother was working as a PVO member. She nursed Diem, formed a close bond with her and adopted her as a result.

This is how 15-year-old Truong met his new family. Truong had no documents when he arrived at the Camberley centre, and it is not known where he came from. His adoptive father was looking after the older boys and decided he would like to adopt Truong. Like all the children who were adopted, Truong can remember nothing of his life in Vietnam. His adoptive mother says 'It's like a solid wall and nothing will ever break it down.' Another Amer-Asian boy, 15-year-old Tuan, who was declared abandoned, shows no interest in his past at all. His adoptive father says 'He never talks about Vietnam. It's as if it's a forgotten chapter in his life.'

This 'solid wall' is not just the ordinary block against memories of early childhood. The group of handicapped children who were kept together by the Ockenden Venture do have clear memories of Vietnam. Fifteen-year-old Ngoc, who is disabled from polio, recalls her days in the Vietnamese orphanage as 'great fun'. She is with a group of other girls, mainly older than herself, who say they are glad they have been kept together.

THE AIRLIFT of the children and their adoption is a subject of controversy among refugee and adoption agencies. Professor Chris Bagley, who holds the chair of Child Welfare at Calgary University in Canada studied 40 airlift children while he was at the University of Surrey in 1975. He concluded that the speed with which the adopted children forgot their language and culture was an essential 'survival skill'. He thought their adoption into practising Christian families an advantage, believing such families to be more stable.

It is the 'caring' and Third World organisations, such as Save the Children Fund, Oxfam and the Red Cross which have been most critical of the adoptions of the children. Terry Bamford, chairman of the British Association of Social Workers, did not believe the children were evacuated for humanitarian reasons. 'We are concerned that babies were being snatched away from the "Red Menace" and artificially uprooted without knowing whether their mothers were alive or dead. We were unhappy about the public hysteria for the children to be rescued especially as the rescue itself might not have been in the children's interest.'

Such is the alarm at the motives and consequences of the airlift that the Geneva Convention has been altered to forbid the evacuation of children by parties involved in a conflict. Where possible, it states, children should be given aid in their own country. If they need to be transferred they should be placed in similar cultural and religious environments where possible. But according to the *The Times* of 10 April 1975, the conventions forbade 'formal and definitive adoption such as being practised now when everyone wants to import Vietnamese children.'

There is no doubt that the suffering of Vietnamese children during the war was appalling — and that they have continued to suffer from disease and hardship in the aftermath of the war and economic devastation. Yet, say all those involved in Vietnam, the money spent on importing 99 children could have helped far more in Vietnam itself. Minister for Overseas Development at the time was Judith Hart (now Dame). She was never involved in any discussion about bringing in the children, but two days after the airlift she did push through £750,000 aid for Vietnam. Six weeks after the Conservatives came to power in 1979, they announced the ending of all relief and medical aid to Vietnam, a decision which both she and Lord Ennals condemn as 'scandalous'.

Indeed, none of the intense 'concern' showed for the Vietnamese children by the West at the time has been sustained. The *Daily Mail* has not followed up the lives of the children. PVO has not managed to stay in contact with half the families chosen to adopt the children. Meanwhile, in Hong Kong, another 'human tragedy' builds up, with thousands of children from Vietnam trapped in the refugee camps there at this moment. But the times are not ripe for any publicity. □

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FORUM REPORT

Consent or coercion

Unity must be a process not an act, writes Clive Soley

THE NEW IRELAND Forum Report is not a particularly exciting document. It had been so widely leaked and openly discussed that it was never likely to surprise anyone. But it is an extremely important document because of the process which produced it.

The achievement of the Forum is to have given long and careful consideration to the problems stemming from the division of Ireland. The message to the British is clear and cannot be overstated. It is that we also need to reassess our position fundamentally and to consider what we can do to resolve the terrible problems that daily confront the people of Northern Ireland. If we don't, we will not only miss an opportunity to break out of the circle of misery but also consign the Forum Report to the shelves of history, to be taken down and dusted off when, in due course, historians come to explore the failure of yet another 'initiative'.

Many British politicians will want to respond, if only because they fear the constitutional nationalism of the SDLP being overwhelmed by Provisional Sinn Fein with its support for violence. I think that is an inadequate reason for responding positively and is likely to be recognised in Northern Ireland as an attempt to deal only with the symptom of the problem — the violence — while ignoring the cause. Much as I abhor support for violence by any individual or political party, it is not our job to try to manipulate the electorate of Northern Ireland into supporting or not supporting particular political parties. If we attempt that, it is likely to be transparently obvious and counter-productive. If, however, we can give a clear and positive response to the spirit of the Forum Report we may well be able to do more for peace, progress and prosperity in Northern Ireland than we ever imagined possible.

So far the Tory response has been very negative. Jim Prior has been strongly critical of the way the Report lays so much of the blame for the situation at Britain's door. Yet his negative response does not preclude a more positive reaction in the future and to some extent helps him guard his back against the Tory right wing, who not only oppose the Forum but also oppose Jim Prior.

The Tory party is divided on Northern Ireland. There is a hard core of pro-Unionists who would like to get rid of Prior and replace him with someone like Ian Gow. Posing a challenge to that group is the growing number of Tories who regard the Unionists as the main stumbling block to progress. They would welcome closer cooperation with Dublin in order to outflank the Unionists. I am always slightly amused by the Tory MPs who go out of their way to tell me how they agree with the aim of a united Ireland and approve of our refusal to allow the Unionists to have a veto on political progress. The Unionists are aware of this split and that is one of the reasons they fear a betrayal by Britain and why Jim Molyneux and Enoch Powell of the Official Unionist Party so assiduously cultivate their close relationship with Mrs Thatcher. They know that Prior has to go sooner rather than later and whoever replaces him is crucial to their hopes and aims. Although I think there is only limited support in the Cabinet for a united Ireland there is considerable support for closer cooperation between London and Dublin. The Forum Report has encouraged that. The Unionists will bitterly resist it and the fear of secret betrayal will feed the paranoia that exists in both the Democratic Unionist Party and the Official Unionist Party.

SOME PEOPLE will only want to discuss the three broad options so briefly described in the Report: a Unitary State, a Federal/Confederal State and Joint Authority. In fact the most important part of the Report lies not in these alternatives but in Chapter 5, which deals with the framework of a new Ireland and looks at what the Report calls 'Present Realities and Future Requirements'. It is in this chapter that we see how flexible the Forum members were prepared to be and how clearly they understand that one million people cannot be *forced* against their will to live in peace and harmony with the other four million. The Irish parties have always recognised the need for consent. They are perhaps better placed to know than many British observers that just as the division of Ireland without consent was a disastrous failure, so also would be reunion without consent.

The opportunity for the Labour Party is clear. We have a policy of unity by consent. So our response to the Forum's report should be to restate that aim and to spell out the steps necessary to achieve consent. If there is one area where the Report is weak, it is on how to achieve this consent.

We do have to distinguish between consent and coercion, but that is not as difficult as some people believe. Coercion would mean using force or the threat of force to make the people of Northern Ireland join with the South. Just as we have not been able to coerce the nationalists into the UK, so also the Irish government could not coerce Unionists into the Republic.

But Britain can embark on a series of policies designed to lead the people of Northern Ireland towards unity. The key lies in the closest possible cooperation between London and

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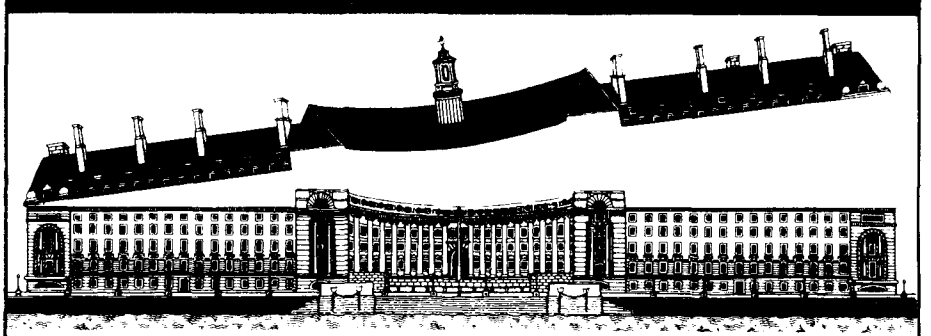

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Dublin, together with the creation of flexible and innovative economic and political initiatives. These involve the creation of all-Ireland institutions such as an economic development council, a common criminal justice system and the harmonising of social and economic structures. Whether the final form is federal or unitary is to my mind less important at this stage. What matters is that we should proceed in that direction and that no group in Northern Ireland should have a veto on the jointly agreed policies of London and Dublin. In other words the guarantee means that the people of Northern Ireland will not be forced into a united Ireland without their consent. It does not mean a veto on political developments designed to achieve that consent.

Mr Prior's latest initiative, reported on Sunday, sounds as if he may be drifting towards Labour's policy. But without a commitment to a united Ireland as the ultimate goal, he may only get a half-hearted response from Dublin — and a lot of trouble from his own party. □

Clive Soley is Labour MP for Hammersmith.

NEXT WEEK: Professor Bernard Crick will analyse the implications of the Forum Report for a fundamental reform of the British Constitution.

DIRTY WAR PART II

Booby traps and bank raids

Andrew Ward/Report

Former army intelligence officer Fred Holroyd (see above) reveals to Duncan Campbell more of the inside story of British army 'dirty tricks' in Northern Ireland

FORMER INTELLIGENCE officer Captain Fred Holroyd's revelations last week in the *New Statesman* and on Channel 4 have provoked a strong reaction from the Irish government. The Irish Ambassador to Britain, Mr Noel Dorr, said last week that 'It's simply not acceptable that there should be security forces of any other state operating within our jurisdiction'. Ambassador Dorr, who appeared with Holroyd on a breakfast television programme, pointed out that it had only been a month since Irish protests about undercover cross-border RUC activity had been lodged in London.

Kidnap plots

On more than one occasion, Army officers in Northern Ireland have arranged illegal kidnap plots against people living in the Irish Republic. Captain Holroyd was present when Army staff officers arranged for one such kidnap team to be paid £500 from secret intelligence funds. His evidence implicates at least four Army officers in a plan illegally to kidnap suspects from the Irish Republic. Two of the targets were Eamon McGurgan and Seamus Grew both of whom lived in County Monaghan and were on the local 'top ten' list of IRA suspects.

The kidnap operations known to Holroyd took place in March 1974. In December 1982, he described the plots in detail to an investigating team from the Royal Ulster Constabulary, led by Superintendent George Caskey. Caskey's report is now being studied by the Northern Ireland Director of Public Prosecutions. Until the DPP has announced his decision, the Ministry of Defence is refusing to comment on the kidnap charges, or to allow officers to be interviewed.

Holroyd first heard from a military intelligence colleague, Sergeant Tony Poole of the Intelligence Corps, that two men from Lisburn, both ex-boxers, had been hired to kidnap Eamonn McGurgan, and bring him across the border. The Army would arrange with a Garda (Irish Police) contact for an area around McGurgan's home in Castleblayney to be 'frozen' — i.e. left completely unpoliced — while the kidnap took place. Although the men concerned were primarily willing to do the job because of their Loyalist political sympathies, they were to be paid £500 by the Army, Holroyd learned. The kidnap victim would be hit over the head, tied up with a sack over his head and dumped at a prearranged spot on the Northern Ireland side of the border. A party of soldiers would then 'discover' the victim, and arrest him.

But the McGurgan kidnap plan went wrong. On the night the kidnappers set out, a prominent Senator in the Dail (the Dublin Parliament) was murdered in the same area. It was no longer possible for the Army's Garda contact to 'freeze' police operations. The kidnappers were, reportedly, stopped at a checkpoint by the Irish Army, and the operation failed.

Another kidnap operation was mounted about two weeks later, on 29 March 1974. The targets this time were IRA suspect Seamus Grew and Patrick McLoughlin, with whom Grew lived in the border town of Monaghan. The leader of the kidnap team hired by the Army was Jimmy O'Hara, a Lisburn Protestant and ex-boxer. Earlier this year, O'Hara confirmed to us that he and two friends had indeed been hired by an Army officer to kidnap Grew. The officer supplied maps showing Grew's house, details of his movements, official surveillance photographs and a sketch plan to show them where to dump Grew in Northern Ireland after they had kidnapped him. All these items were seized by the Garda after the three were arrrested.

The three men were to receive £500 for their trouble. O'Hara says that the Grew kidnap plot was discussed twice at secret meetings with the Army officer, the first of which was in the Woodlands Hotel, Lisburn, close to where O'Hara then lived. The second meeting took place in Craigavon Area Hospital car park — a short distance from the Army's 3rd Brigade headquarters in Lurgan, where the kidnap plot had been devised.

The Grew plot also went badly wrong. Two of the three men were seen furtively reconnoitering outside Grew's house and were arrested after neighbours called the police. The third, O'Hara himself, was arrested after he went to the police station to demand their release, having been wrongly advised by his Army contact that all the Garda would be helpful. (Indeed, an earlier kidnap plan suggested by the Army to O'Hara had involved the use of a British agent inside the Monaghan Garda, who would arrange to have Grew brought in for questioning. He would then be released at a prearranged time, and kidnapped on his way home.)

We have seen the statement which O'Hara made to the Garda after his arrest. In it he repeatedly referred to being given the job by an 'Army man' — whom he refused to identify. O'Hara and his collaborators were each sentenced to five years imprisonment in Dublin in June 1974. On appeal their sentences were increased to seven years. The harsh sentences reflected growing Irish judicial concern about political kidnapping operations. The kidnap strategy was abandoned, at least for a time, by the Army — but may well have been revived in 1976, when Sean McKenna — the son of a Newry man whom the British government were found guilty of torturing in the first days of internment — was abducted across the border from the village of Edenappubber, near Dundalk in the Republic. He was arrested in the north, having allegedly 'stumbled across the border into a patrol' — according to an official Army public relations statement.

Shortly before Jimmy O'Hara and his colleagues were apprehended in Monaghan, Captain Holroyd was working in the intelligence 'cell' at 3rd Brigade Headquarters in Lurgan. The staff in the 'cell' arranged, in his presence, to have £500 for the kidnap operation urgently collected from Army Headquarters in Lisburn. The money had to be available in Lurgan to pay the kidnappers.

The intelligence cell, which comprised the Brigade's intelligence planners and analysts, was then headed by Major David Delius, a Royal Hussars officer with a brisk public school manner. Major Delius is still in the Army, and has not been permitted by the Ministry of Defence to comment on the allegations against him. Among his colleagues involved in the kidnap plot were two other Captains, who collated intelligence on the local Catholic and Protestant communities, and Sergeant Poole, the Brigade's 'Field Intelligence NCO'.

Jimmy O'Hara still refuses to identify the Army officer who dealt with him, or the go-between who introduced them. But he has volunteered that he knows the name 'Poole'. We have also discovered that Mr O'Hara is related by marriage to Mr John Poland, a sergeant in the Armagh RUC — who had been in charge of Poole's activities on behalf of the RUC Special Branch. O'Hara will not talk

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about other operations he may have carried out for the Army or RUC. But he has confirmed that there was more than one kidnap plan, and that Eamonn McGurgan, as well as Seamus Grew, 'may have been' a target.

The RUC's Caskey Report on Captain Holroyd's allegations is believed to attempt to dismiss the kidnap plot accusation. Last year, Superintendent Caskey claimed to Captain Holroyd that O'Hara had denied being paid by the Army. But during last week's *Diverse Report* (Channel 4) on the Holroyd revelations, Mr O'Hara — blacked out to prevent his face being seen — acknowledged that his orders had come from the 'English' — as he had told the Garda in 1974.

Boobytraps

Fred Holroyd first heard about the 'Case of the self-exploding motorcyclist', as intelligence staff at the 3rd Brigade Headquarters called the lethal results of a secret Army sabotage mission, early in October 1974. Major Delius, the Brigade's explosives expert, Captain Peter Maynard, and other intelligence officers were celebrating the case by passing round a large sweet jar of white mints. They were, says Holroyd, 'like public schoolboys playing James Bond', celebrating in a 'tuck-room' atmosphere.

Forty miles away near the border at Newry, a 35 year-old man had been blown to death on 5 October. Eugene McQuaid, a mechanic from Newry, married with five children, had been riding southwards on his motorcycle when it suddenly exploded — distributing parts of the motorbike and his body across the main Dublin-Belfast road.

McQuaid was not believed either by intelligence staff or his family to have belonged to the IRA. But he was 'doing a turn' for a family friend who was in the IRA, Holroyd says. On his bike were strapped three home-made rocket launchers, known to the Army as 'bombards', and to the IRA as mobile mines. McQuaid is believed to have agreed to pick up the bombards from the Republic and bring them across the border to Newry. (According to a secret Army report on 'Future Terrorist Trends', which leaked in 1979, the Provisional IRA had begun using bombards to attack armoured vehicles in September 1974. They could have a range of up to 800 feet.)

The bombards were discovered by the British Army. Rather than allowing the secret arms cache to be seized by the Garda, however, the Brigade staff had arranged for one of their team to cross the border to examine and sabotage the bombards. He sawed off safety pins inside the rocket bodies, making them unsuitable and likely to explode on rough handling. The aim of this sabotage was another 'kill' against the IRA — an 'own goal'.

After picking up the bombards, McQuaid was (unknown to him) under surveillance. The watchers may have expected him to be killed as he loaded the rockets. But he set off towards Newry — now a live bomb on a public road; and a lethal hazard to the public as well as to himself. A roadblock was set up to intercept him, with an Army team kept well back from the area for its own safety. On reaching the roadblock, McQuaid turned and fled back towards the Republic. At that point one of the sabotaged bombards, fixed below his petrol tank, exploded.

McQuaid died about 100 yards from Donnelly's garage, just north of the border on the main Belfast-Dublin road. An eyewitness at this spot heard the explosion and came out of a house in which he was working. McQuaid's severed head, still in a motorcycle helmet, lay at the foot of a tree, a small trickle of blood coming from his nose. Other parts of his body and bike were hanging from the tree, and scattered across the pavement and a nearby field. Army officers arrived on the scene extremely quickly, confirming Holroyd's report that the checkpoint had caused the motorcyclist to turn round and try to retreat across the border. One officer came up to the tree where McQuaid's head lay, and picked up a handful of guts. 'That's an end of another of you fucking bastards', he said.

The eye-witnesses evidence of the Army's grim satisfaction at the incident confirms Holroyd's recollections — as did the coroner's report, which ascribed his death to the sudden explosion of one of the rockets he was carrying. The Army had in fact in effect summarily executed Eugene McQuaid without trial, recklessly putting many innocent lives at great risk.

Both photos: Pacemaker Press

Right: Seamus Grew, an IRA suspect whom the Army planned illegally to kidnap from the Irish Republic. Left: Eugene McQuaid, the 'self-exploding motorcyclist' — effectively summarily executed by the Army

Sabotage and bank raids

Captain Holroyd frequently operated on behalf of SIS, the Secret Intelligence Service. Holroyd worked directly for Northern Ireland's SIS chief, whose special department at Army HQ at Lisburn is disguised as the 'Political Secretariat'. At the time, it was headed by Craig Smellie, who left in 1975 to run the SIS station in Athens.

Soon after they first met, Smellie asked Holroyd if he would be interested in robbing a bank. He did not explain why — or where — SIS might want banks robbed. Holroyd refused and could only think, then or later, of two reasons why SIS wanted banks robbed — either they were short of money in their 'unattributable' funds which they used to pay for agents and secret operations; or the Littlejohn brothers, who were then robbing banks in Eire and working for British intelligence at the same time, might have been thought to need closed SIS supervision.

Holroyd, like other intelligence officers in the province, periodically used 'unattributable' funds for secret operations. They could be released by a few senior officers at the Northern Ireland Army HQ, including Smellie.

During 1974, Holroyd met Smellie at Lisburn about once a month. From an agent in the Provisional IRA, Holroyd and his Special Branch colleagues learned that an active local IRA man in Lurgan was planning to kill a policeman the following Sunday. Holroyd knew where the rifle and ammunition to be used were hidden — inside a graveyard to the north of the Kilwilkie housing estate in Lurgan, one of the most dangerous Catholic 'hard areas' in the county and virtually an Army 'no go' area.

Rather than removing the weapons, or arresting anyone taking them, Smellie suggested that he would arrange 'to give the chap a bit of a surprise'. He asked Holroyd to bring him the top bullets from the clip of ammunition. He would arrange for the rounds to be doctored. Holroyd and Sergeant Dearsley retrieved the rounds and took them to Smellie. Two days later, Holroyd collected the doctored rounds. They had been filled with powerful explosive, instead of normal powder. When the trigger was pulled, the would-be-killer would blow his own head off.

But this SIS plan was never put into effect. The commander of the 3rd Brigade, Brigadier Wallis-King, resented SIS operating independently in his area and forbade Holroyd to plant the doctored bullets. So Holroyd and Dearsley made a further secret trip into Kilwilkie, and sabotaged the rifle's firing mechanism. The doctored round stayed in Holroyd's office.

When Dearsley left Northern Ireland late in 1974, Fred Holroyd was asked by Smellie to take over running his agents, both north and south. Holroyd was specifically instructed to pass the information from most of these agents directly to SIS on special 'Military Intelligence Source Reports'. In a series of specially made tape recordings, Holroyd was briefed by Dearsley about his new agents, how to contact

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them, and their foibles and requirements. The agents included three Gardai (Irish police), one of whom had been allocated a code-name. One of the more exotic of the agents also transferred to Holroyd was a Catholic woman from Lurgan who provided information on IRA activities in return for sexual favours from the Army. Every few weeks, on Holroyd's request, a sergeant from the local army company would muster volunteers from the unmarried men in his unit to come and provide unusual service for Queen and Country.

NEXT WEEK: Forgery, train derailment, death threats, burglary, how the SAS really operate — and how Protestant killers have been protected from justice.

AGROCHEMICALS

Blind eye to poison

Agent Orange damages the health — and so does 245T, still on open sale here, reports Judith Cook

FIVE YEARS after the campaign against the herbicide 245T began — and eleven reports from the government's Advisory Committee on Pesticides later — it still isn't banned in this country. Yet now, ironically, most at risk are not workers in the agricultural, horticultural and forestry industries, but the general public; for the unions involved have managed to enforce a more or less blanket ban on its use in industry.

Shortly, the Agricultural Workers Trade Group of the TGWU will be publishing an Interim Report on the survey it has undertaken into cases of alleged ill effects among workers who have used 245T. A questionnaire in the *Landworker*, followed by a revised version sent to branches and to enquirers, has brought in over 130 replies, varying in seriousness from persistent rashes and chest troubles to death from soft tissue cancers, miscarriages and severe birth abnormalities in children born to the wives of those who have used the herbicide extensively.

One typical case is worth quoting. The young man concerned was apprenticed at 16 in the horticultural department of his local authority. For five years he mixed 245T in back-pack sprays for others and for two years he sprayed it himself. During the last two years he worked he developed a persistent and unpleasant rash on his hands which his doctor was unable to either cure or even diagnose. In 1980 he began to have severe headaches and in November developed a lump on his neck that his doctor thought was a swollen gland.

Two weeks later, when he was in considerable pain, his parents persuaded the doctor to refer their son to hospital where he was admitted straight from the outpatients' department, after which tests revealed he was suffering from a rare form of cancer. He was 23. He asked the consultant if his persistent use of 245T might have triggered the cancer, but was told, after enquiries had been made, that the Ministry of Agriculture had said that it was safe. Just before he died in 1981 the media carried details of the third survey undertaken by Drs Hardell and Sandstrom in Sweden, which showed that users of phenoxy herbicides stood a six times higher chance of getting rare soft tissue cancers than ordinary people. Again he drew the doctor's attention to 245T. A few weeks later he died. His parents are convinced his death was connected with 245T.

Camera Press

Killing weeds — or himself?

The TGWU undertook the survey because, in its December 1980 Report, the Advisory Committee had said that the Healthy and Safety Executive were undertaking a 'user survey'. This turned out not be so, as according to the HSE, it had not proved possible to find out where 245T was being used, or by whom. However a further Report from the APC, while once again 'clearing' 245T, did say that some kind of monitoring should be undertaken. The Advisory Committee on Pesticides stands almost alone now in the world in not accepting the findings of the Swedish research.

AS THE CAMPAIGN against 245T grew its entry was formally blacked at ports — although it is obviously possible for it to get in somehow. The NUR, NUM, GMWU are among those whose members will not handle it at all, nor will the TGWU transport it. This move pioneered the concept of union action on the grounds of public health and safety and has been repeated successfully in the case of dumping nuclear waste at sea.

Now American chemical companies which produced Agent Orange, the dioxin-based herbicide used as a defoliant in Vietnam, have set up a $180 million fund to compensate Vietnam veterans. This settlement came on the eve of Federal court cases, which would have put forward the claims of 50,000 US, Australian & New Zealand ex-servicemen from Vietnam.

In November 1983 the last major manufacturer of 245T, Dow Chemicals, announced that it was stopping production. 'Dow Throws in the Sponge' said the *New York Times*. Dow was one of the companies being sued by the Vietnam veterans. The use of the Freedom of Information Act had elicited that Dow had been aware of the lethal qualities of the dioxin in 245T long before it was generaly known. For five years of the Vietnam war, from 1965 to 1970, Dow covered up its findings. Also revealed was the fact that Dow workers handling 245T stood a 20 times higher incidence of soft tissue cancer than those in a control group. The only company now known to be making the trichloropheno based chemical is a subsidiary of Dow in New Zealand.

When he was Minister of Agriculture, Peter Walker said that 245T disappears from the ground in 24 hours. But at Seveso in Italy, the site of the last major dioxin accident, although scraped to a depth of 20 cm and with new soil dumped on top of it, is still showing a dangerously high ratio of 15 micrograms of dioxin per square metre. In Brazil, the government ordered the exhumation of 15 bodies buried alongside Highway 150. Some were grossly deformed babies, others are children and young adults who died mysteriously. All were in contact with 245T, sprayed under the brand name Tordon, used to clear vegetation from roadside verges.

Those who may have been affected by 245T may well not show symptoms for years. The unions have fully alerted their members to its hazards, but this still leaves at risk non-union labour, employed by contract sprayers, and home gardeners. While it is now accepted that full protective clothing should be used in industry if 245T is used, the home gardener can mix it in a watering can on the kitchen table.

Even within the agrochemical industry, there is a change. Individuals in the industry will say, privately, that 245T would never have been licensed had it appeared today. The industry itself now wants mandatory controls, as requested by a Royal Commission in 1979, in order to regain public confidence. Agricultural workers have only ever seen the 245T campaign as the tip of an iceberg — the nerve gas derived insecticides are just as worrying. □

THIS ENGLAND

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□Has informality gone too far in the Church of England? I have recently attended a baptism where the vicar produced a Thermos flask at the most solemn moment in the service with the words: 'This is not a coffee break. I am just filling the font with warm water.' — Letter in *The Times* (Anthony Barton)

□'When I came to England I rushed down to the site of the Globe, assuming there would be something there and of course there was just a black plaque on the side of a brewery wall.' — Sam Wanamaker quoted in *Radio Times* (J. Rafferty)

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FINANCE

The State and the City

When judges can't tell fraud from investment, the time is overdue for new rules writes Charles Raw

AN IMPORTANT SHIFT has been taking place in City opinion in recent weeks. As the deadline for response to Professor Gower's Review of Investor Protection approached (end of April with a few days grace for late comments), it has become apparent that the once deeply entrenched opposition to outside 'regulation' of the City has been gradually reducing and there has been growing willingness to accept the strengthening of statutory control, if not the outright creation of an outside policing agency.

The underlying causes are to be found in the dramatic transition that the City is going through. The acceptance of phased abolition of 'minimum commissions' on the Stock Exchange and the (again) phased relaxation of the once strict rules separating the functions and ownership of Stock Exchange brokers and jobbers have led to a helter-skelter rush by financial institutions to form new alliances. As in a game of musical chairs, everyone is frightened of being left without a seat when the music stops. The problem is that in the ensuing scramble insufficient thought is being given to how things will turn out in the end. The new financial 'conglomerates' are creating all sorts of new conflicts of interest, which will need to be 'regulated'. It is the City's own fear for and inability to plan for the future that is leading almost by default to the increased willingness to accept the need for 'outside' intervention.

The clearest evidence of this willingness is to be seen in the increasing number of voices calling for the abolition of the Council for the Securities Industry. This body, composed of representatives from all aspects of the financial community, was conceived as the apex of a successful *self-regulatory* system. Although Gower himself has always been theoretically and temperamentally in favour of more state intervention, when drafting his proposals he felt that he should recommend what was in practice likely to get approval. So in his scheme the CSI was allotted a general supervisory role over self-regulatory bodies for each sector of the City.

But now, only a few months later, few of those sectors can themselves see a future for the CSI. Those, like the unit trusts, which have in fact always been very strictly regulated from outside, have said in the strongest terms they prefer it that way and do not want to change. Nor, it seems, do the old-established bodies, like the Accepting Houses Association, representing the merchant banks — the 'aristocrats' of the City. Nor even the newer bodies, like the association of futures dealers and brokers.

Of course none of these will admit that being in favour of the abolition of the CSI means being actively in favour of abandoning self-regulation. But the reality is that investor protection in the broadest sense requires a body with an overview, giving careful thought on how financial institutions should relate to each other. If the body originally set up by the City itself to do the job is dropped, then inevitably this role will be taken on by somebody else — that is either the Department of Trade, or the self-standing commission which Gower himself would prefer, but which, when drafting his report, he felt was a less practicable alternative.

But now the conditions look favourable for pressing strongly for such a commission and for strengthening its powers. One important way in which it could be strengthened — and one underestimated by Gower himself — concerns its powers of enforcement.

ONE OF THE MOST difficult problems of investor protection is not the drawing up of the rules, but the enforcement of such rules and laws as we have got. Self-regulators cannot use criminal sanctions, because obviously the task of prosecution cannot be given to a trade body or association. But past reliance on self-regulation has meant that the resources devoted to those bodies that can initiate prosecution, namely the police and the Department of Trade, have been limited. As a result they are simply not up to investigating or prosecuting complicated fraud cases, which is one reason why there have been so few successful cases. Even the self-regulators recognise this: the merchant banks have recently called for more resources to be given to the police and the department. But much greater effectiveness would be achieved if this job were given to a specialist enforcement division of a self-standing commission — and this is where comparison with the American Securities and Exchange Commission is inevitable. As Gower has said, it would anyway be much more likely to get the extra resources.

But, as the merchant banks also recognised, this is not the end of the problem. There is also the practice of the courts. Even when the police have succeeded in getting a case into court, they have been defeated by the attitude of judges, or, if the case gets that far, of juries. Judges often seem quite incapable of recognising robbery when it is dressed up in even the thinnest disguise of 'investment'.

Gower himself wrote in his report that commercial fraud was in general 'adequately covered by the general criminal law statutes, such as the Theft Act'. I think this is wrong. Indeed, the fact that fraud often can only be prosecuted under the Theft Act, with its emphasis on having to prove motivation, may well underlie the difficulties in court and account for the low success rate of prosecutions. To achieve a better record the new investor protection legislation should encompass commercial fraud, to be investigated and prosecuted by a specialist force under an independent commission.

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DIARY

So Pig Botha will be a special guest at No 10. After ejecting the Libyans with a great hue and cry about their international terrorism and revolting executions, this is a grand way for The Boss to demonstrate her belief in 'principle' straight and true. Despite the famous relative autonomy of the state apparatus, the South African Premier cannot be a million miles removed from the assassins of Ruth First, and then there is the 'suicide' rate in his local police stations. Others assure me, however, that nothing untoward will take place. Denis Thatcher has business interests in South Africa and, incredibly jealous of Mark for stealing the limelight, has merely demanded that The Boss do some batting on his behalf for a change.

○

Anyway, if Zola Budd can run for Britain, why can't the Thatcher Family Business have a stake in South Africa? So I do not share the general hostility towards the runner, even if she has refused to condemn apartheid — a refusal which is most likely due to her sponsors on the *Daily Mail*. The Left should not oppose her entry or taunt and barrack her. Everyone agrees we must reduce the proportion of boring old Brits in this country. The quickest way of doing so is through immigration. The more the better, therefore, especially with names like Zola. In last week's issue of *West Africa* Denis Herbstein notes that another South African, Ernest Seleke, recently became his country's marathon champion with the fastest time run by anyone this year. Like Zola Budd he will be banned from the Olympics unless he can change his nationality. Unlike her he is black. I think that the *Observer* should sponsor his entry with the utmost urgency and may many Selekes run their way through immigration if they wish.

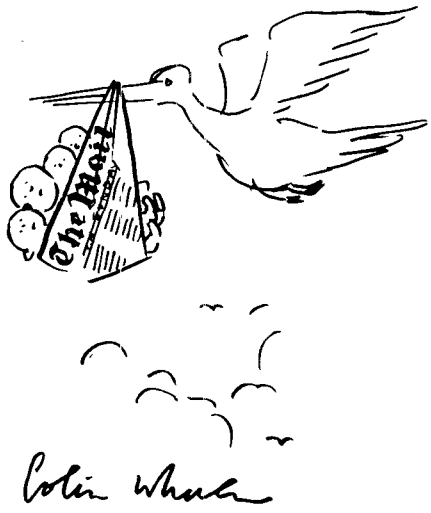
○

Of course we can also feel outrage at the racialism of French immigration now that it is so rude as to turn us away because of our colour. But I do not understand why the business of day-passes arose in the first place. Most people except Dennis Skinner want the chance to travel. Citizens should therefore be issued with proper passports automatically, preferably small ones chemically designed to disintegrate as the first stage towards their abolition. Don't tell me that this is unrealistic and will lead to a flood that will 'swamp' our culture. The way things are going it will not be long before the boring Brits will be queuing for jobs and opportunities in India, from publishing to computers. Then the papers here will be full of complaints about how callous Hindu immigration officers have brutally turned away ordinary English families because they smell strange and do not know how to cook.

○

The man who inspired the Falklands War has just turned his guns on Michael Heseltine. This is a conflict to sit back and enjoy. Sir Henry Leach, the Admiral of the Fleet, has called on the Deity himself to stop Heseltine's reforms. Leach commanded the flotilla that went secretly to the Falklands in 1977. He was the man who arrived in full uniform at the House of Commons just prior to the Argentinian landings, to turn Thatcher on to a Task Force. It was Leach who ensured that ships left immediately so that the military momentum could not be reversed by any political second thoughts, despite the fact that they would then have to be fitted out in Ascension with material air-lifted at vast extra cost. Leach was the officer who described to a House of Commons select committee how he believed public relations must from now on be war-gamed into military exercises. He added for good measure, 'For the future we should not any of us be ashamed to use the word "censorship" '. And during the war Leach formed the panel of retired officers who were supposed to appear as independent when interviewed for their opinions and estimates during the campaign.

Heseltine has proposed to abolish the way that the Chief of the Defence Staff is not only responsible for transmitting the views of each service but is also picked by rotation from among them and thus is not selected by any civilian authority. Heseltine wants a single Chief answerable to the government rather than to the forces. The navy, which has already lumbered Britain with the Falklands for the sole



purpose of retaining a global fleet for which there would otherwise be no need, has most to lose. In a radio interview even more splendid than his letter to *The Times*, Leach justified his attack on the proposed reform entirely in terms of 'professionalism'. His attitude, you understand, was motivated not in the slightest by vested interest. We already have a proven way of getting the top qualified officers, he argued, it would be criminal folly to abandon such a system. 'The *best* man for the job', Leach stated, and he chose the phrase, 'is Buggins's turn'.

○

'Down with Buggins and all his works'. Doubtless unknown to the Admiral, James Fenton has made this sentiment — with which I wholeheartedly concur — a rallying cry in his election campaign to become the Oxford Professor of Poetry. Will Leach now mobilise his Oxford chaps for Peter — Buggins — Levi, Fenton's only quality contender? Also in Peter Levi's favour is his statement that the Falklands made him switch his vote from Labour to Tory, while Fenton wrote one of the best and earliest attacks on the folly of the war.

○

Speaking of military folly, I was gratified that Peking selected the 1st of May, that festival of socialist internationalism, to reveal Hanoi's intention of invading China. At last people will begin to grasp the real reason for the Vietnam war. The incident in the Gulf of Tonkin in 1964 really came about when the US fleet intercepted a North Vietnamese force about to cross the Pacific. General Giap planned to launch a blitzkrieg which would conquer Alaska in a pincer movement through Canada. A Russo-Vietnamese puppet regime would have opened the way to full-scale Soviet colonialisation of a territory that had anyway been Tzarist and should never have been sold off to the Americans in the first place, especially for such a ridiculously low price as $50 million. Due to Vietnam's incorrigible expansionism this plan came within an ace of success, thus deeply embarrassing all the US security officials involved who have covered it up to this day.

Islander

ROGER WODDIS

What Maggie wants

'I want every man to be a man of property.'
— Mrs Thatcher

When every man is a man of property
(I didn't include the distaff side),
Then every father will feed his family
And every son earn his mother's pride.

When being broke is considered criminal,
And owning things is the highest creed,
The lesson will dawn on every patriot
That Britain is great because of greed.

The village will throb to a thousand videos,
The Rolls will replace the Clapham bus,
Nothing will matter unless it's bankable
And every nation will envy us.

The man who champions the weak is manacled,
Only the entrepreneur is free:
I want my people to be competitive
(But God help the sod who rivals me).

When I've stripped the bedding from public hospitals
And mopped up oceans of wet ideals,
Cancer will be a thriving industry
And markets will flourish in meals on wheels.

I want a future where private ownership
Is redder than nature in tooth and claw:
When every man is a man of property,
Possession will be the whole of the law.

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Cells of democracy

Civilian Turkey is being anxiously welcomed back into the fold. Extracts from a letter brought back by Roland Boyes show the persecution of dissidents continues

IN ANKARA, Sir Frederick Bennett MP is known by Turkish officials as *'Bennett Pasha'*. This week he is demonstrating why the right-wing Turkish government views him with such affection, as he orchestrates intensive Tory lobbying to get Turkey readmitted to the Council of Europe.

For Turkey, this will mean a final stamp of approval on its 'return to democracy'. And as a result EEC cash for Turkey is expected to be unfrozen any day now.

Meanwhile, in Turkish jails 23,752 political prisoners are kept in horrifying conditions. One of them, a friend of mine, has managed to get a letter smuggled out of Turkey. In it, he describes with compassion — and at times with humour — daily life in Metris Military Prison. As far as I know, this is the first such detailed account to reach Britain.

He mentions in particular the treatment of the Turkish Peace Association (TPA). As Turkey is regarded as a key member of NATO, in a vital strategic position, the TPA's campaign against the siting of neutron bombs, and cruise and Pershing II missiles at American and NATO bases in Turkey was seen as particularly offensive by the keenly 'Atlanticist' government.

The TPA sentences were passed 10 days after the 'election of a civilian government' and the events described below depict prison life after Turkey's much-heralded 'return to democracy'. Meanwhile, Minister of State for Defence Procurement Geoffrey Pattie and British Aerospace's Sir Raymond Lago have recently returned from trade talks with the Army-owned weapons industry.

MY FRIEND begins his letter by describing the ritual of court visits:

The prospect of a day in court — although it means a change of scene — is regarded with horror. Many prisoners simply refuse to go to the proceedings. Let me explain.

To attend a martial law trial the inmate has to be ready at 7.00 am. First, of course, the 'statutory' strip-search. No one is allowed to have anything written, any papers or documents, on their person.

Prisoners going to court are assembled in the courtyard. Their hands are chained behind their backs. Another chain links them all together. They are usually kept in the open for more than an hour (even two sometimes) exposed to rain, snow or sleet. Then they are herded into a truck/box-car, 20 sometimes 30 in a space not larger than two by two-and-a-half metres. It is difficult to sit because of the chains.

It takes more than an hour to get to the other side of the Bosphorous. The chains hurt. Once in the court compound, they are kept in the box-car until their cases come up. They have no food, drink or cigarettes. (In winter the box-car is freezing, in summer it's an oven.) They are allowed in the court five minutes before the session and the chains are taken out as the military tribunal is seated. Visits to the toilet once inside depends upon the mood of the officer in charge. Requests to put this degrading treatment into court records is overruled by the military judges for being 'extraneous to the case'. Should anyone insist, punishment is swift.

My friend shared a tiny cell with 16 others. They had to share seven minutes of running water each morning (there was no hot water) with which they had to 'wash, clean the toilet, do the dishes and keep some for drinking later on. Each drop is saved . . .'

Every time one left the cell there was a strip-search including the inside of the scrotum. Prisoners were allowed to go out into a small courtyard for one hour in the morning and two hours in the afternoon for four days each week — provided they allowed for strip-searches, scrotum and all. This applied to being taken for visits by family or lawyers. This is why 1,000 Metris inmates had not gone out for their 'statutory airing' or present themselves for visits since last August . . .

The guard is changed every two hours. The 'ceremony' starts with march steps echoing in the halls. But instead of the usual 'one-two-three' you get *'how* -step- *happy 'tis* -step- *to be* -step- *a Turk'*. And then a faster *'how-happytistobe-a-Turk'* twice. You know they are there now. Behind the peep-holes. Another favourite is 'Every Turk's-A Born-Soldier'. This goes on all day and all night.

The most dreaded part of life at Metris are the constant 'operations'.

They usually begin with the steel cell-doors being thrown open and two platoons of armed soldiers bursting in, beating and shoving the inmates out into the main corridor. While a strip-search goes on outside, everything is thrown around and overturned in the cell. Each bit of written or printed material is duly confiscated.

The bigger 'operations' are more elaborate. When the possibiity of one of these is heard through the prison grapevine all the inmates rush to put on as much clothing on as possible. This has two purposes. One is to keep warm — the last time they conducted a big search it was midnight and we waited in the main courtyard under pouring rain for over six hours. Secondly, there is 'line beating': you walk through two lines of soldiers hitting you at random with billy-clubs. The more clothing you have, the greater the protection against blows from all sides.

This 'hall of horrors called Metris' predictably bred its own versions of the SS. There is, for example, the 'Harpoon', the cell-block commander who carried around with him the upper half of a spear gun used in under-water fishing. And the prison 'psychologist', an officer who doubled as intelligence officer by getting the inmates hooked on tranquillisers in return for 'friendly chats'.

My friend also came across a group of young officers, graduates of Turkey's prestigious Military Academy (the class of '78) now civilians in a military jail, whose 'crime' was reading 'banned books'. Lieutenant 'Harpoon' had been their class-mate, so he showed special interest.

These were almost set-pieces. The 'Harpoon' and his squad would burst in to the former

Left: Reha Isvan, founding member of the peace movement, still in military prison. Right: Mahmut Dikerdem, suffering from cancer

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cadets' cell at each opportunity. The kids would then start their powerful chant in unison: 'Human-Dignity-Will-Vanquish-Torture'! Then all hell would break loose. I still tremble when I remember the sound of blows, clothes being ripped apart, swearing, and the chant rising into a frenzy as soldiers try to muzzle, beat and strip-search these young ex-officers.

Finally, there would be only one voice left — always the same one — now sounding like a woman in labour pains: 'Human-Dignity-Will-Vanquish-Torture'! And at this point the loudspeakers would belt out the same idiotic pop song 'Daa . . . Daa . . . Daa . . . Dee . . . Dee . . . Dee', the deep bass keeping time with the thudding of a head against the wall . . .

No one was exempt from some form of punishment, not even Mahmut Dikerdem, President of the TPA and a former ambassador, suffering from cancer, who was about to mark his 68th birthday — his second in jail. (See New Statesman 6/8/1982.) My friend was told the following by a fellow prisoner:

Around noon one day the 'Corporal General' appeared behind the peep-hole and shouted 'Mahmut! Get ready. You are going! Quick, quick, we haven't got all day'. Had we not heard about Dikerdem's impending transfer to hospital, we would have prepared to barricade ourselves in and make as much noise as possible. We heard Dikerdem say good-bye to his friends and the doors of his cell shut close. The whole corridor put their ears to the peep-holes in fear and anticipation

In the corridor Mr Dikerdem was ordered to undress for a strip-search. He was so curt in his refusal that the 'Corporal General' was taken aback. He mumbled something about orders and hurried away. A little later the 'Harpoon' arrived. There was a long argument. The whole block was eavesdropping. Dikerdem repeated that he was willing to be frisked for security purposes but would not allow himself to be humiliated with a strip-search. After more heated discussions, Mr D said all he wanted was the Geneva Convention on Prisoners of War to be applied.

The 'Harpoon' said Mr D was not an enemy but if he did not co-operate, force could be used. Then he should not be treated like one, replied Mr D. He refused to be taken to hospital under such conditions. Could he be allowed back into his cell? It was a stalemate. We were getting ready to shout as hard as we could because that is all we *could* do . . . A few moments later their footsteps faded in the hall. We were proud of Mr Dikerdem. Human dignity had triumphed!

But little did we know. Like us, Mr D thought that he was being transferred to hospital where he is currently held. He wasn't. First, his hands were chained behind his back. They don't use handcuffs in this place. They tie the wrists one on top of the other with a chain and put a padlock in the end. For the first hour one doesn't feel much discomfort. But then the links of the chain start sinking into the flesh. Also, with the hands chained in the back, the upper arms and the shoulders start aching. When you move to keep the blood circulating then the chains really dig into the flesh. After the second hour this is unbearable. This was regulations, and no one could enter or leave this place without the chains.

Anyway, Dikerdem was put in a box-car with no windows except a ventilation hole the size of a coin. Although the hospital is quite near Metris, they kept on going and going. It was freezing in the vehicle and sitting on the floor he was being thrown around at every bump and turn. More than an hour or so later he felt the need for the toilet. (With cancer of the prostate he has to — and always has — visited the toilet every two hours, including nights.) The pain in his hands and arms had become unbearable. He asked the guards to stop for a moment. They said they had orders not to. He asked them to loosen the chain. They wouldn't. It took more than two hours to get to their destination. It was the Army HQ on the other side of the Bosphorous. The whole trip was a 'bureaucratic mistake' . . . □

The full text (40 pages) will be available from the end of May from Independent Labour Publications 49 Top Moor Side, Leeds LS11 9LW, price 90p (£1.10 p+p).

Roland Boyes is MP for Houghton and Washington.

PEACE MOVEMENT

Party blocks

Tony Catterall reports on divisive tactics in W. Germany

Cologne

IT IS AN article of faith for the West German right wing that the peace movement is 'steered' by the Communist Party, the DKP, which in its turn takes its orders from Moscow. When it comes to organisational conferences such as the one held in Cologne last weekend, it has some validity; and is a criticism which is also made by the rest of the movement.

Because of the unstructured nature of such conferences — anyone who feels like it can turn up — the tightly disciplined DKP is usually in a majority and can block any proposals it disagrees with.

The last gathering, in February, found itself unable to come to a common position on the stationing by the Soviet Union of new SS-22 and SS-23 medium-range missiles in East Germany and Czechoslovakia (*New Statesman* 9 March). Greens, Social Democrats and autonomous and Christian groups wanted the deployment condemned; the extreme radicals said there was no point in discussing it, as nothing could be done; and the DKP delegates and their hangers-on effectively defended it as a counter measure to the deployment of cruise and Pershing II missiles in Western Europe.

The arguments were renewed this time, with the Communists being berated for standing Nato reasoning on its head, and for ignoring evidence that the Soviet Union had long been planning to replace obsolete missiles in its satellite states — with cruise and Pershing being merely a pretext. Fearful of being seen to provoke a split in the movement, the DKP backed down — but only slightly, allowing through a resolution which called for the USSR to remove its SS-22s and SS-23s. But it also stated that Moscow only reacts in the arms race to American attempts to achieve nuclear superiority.

Although the other groups went along with the compromise, many — in particular the Greens — say it was a cobbling together of mutually exclusive positions: the movement is supposed to be opposed to nuclear weapons as such, and cannot excuse one side for 'merely reacting' to the other. Far more honest, they say, would be to let each group state its position clearly and see which finds more of an echo in the country at large. Which, of course, is another of the reasons the DKP was ready for a compromise: a majority of West Germans oppose Soviet missiles just as much as American ones.

But although the philosophical question was important, it was in the way of a sideshow to the real business of last weekend's conference: planning future tactics. Here, too, the DKP displayed its influence but in a way which right-wing Interior Minister Friedrich Zimmermann should appreciate. The Greens and the autonomous groupings have for some time been proposing that the major action of the year — after the traditional Easter marches — should be attempts to disrupt this autumn's Nato exercises in the Fulda Gap close to the border with East Germany, the point at which, it is presumed, the Warsaw Pact forces would attempt to make their breakthrough in the event of war. Being just as opposed to Nato as anyone else at the conference, the Communists could hardly object.

But they have a great fear of 'illegal' actions, being very concerned with respectability, and successfully stalled discussion of exactly what form the disruptions should take (a proposal to merely 'observe' the manoeuvres was laughed down). Although there was some disappointment that the matter could not be resolved on the day, nobody objected too much when it was referred to the Peace Movement Co-ordination Committee, where DKP influence is rather less.

Even when it came to planning for action of the kind dear to the DKP's heart — demonstrations of 'mass' opposition to nuclear weapons — the party delegates were on the side of caution and voted for regional actions, rather than an idea of building a spectacular 'human chain' throughout the country. They rightly feared not attracting enough people to make a success of the more ambitious project, but they were also chasing political advantage: big turnouts in 'their' areas can only add to the reputation of the DKP as a party which can mobilise 'the people,' whereas a nation-wide action would dilute the effect.

But for how long will the rest of the movement tolerate such political games? There had been plans before this conference to come up with an organised delegate system which would more accurately reflect Communist strength, but they foundered on organisational problems and the argument of the DKP that the peace movement must remain 'open' — an open area in which to play cadre politics. Many people are now coming to the conclusion that a split will have to be provoked to save the movement. □

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SOUTHERN AFRICA

Apartheid's new ally

First Mozambique, now Swaziland has been 'persuaded' to purge ANC activists. Teresa Smart and Joseph Hanlon report

Manzini, Swaziland

SOUTH AFRICA has enlisted the help of another neighbour in its attempts to strangle the African National Congress (ANC). Until this Spring, Swaziland has shown a benign attitude to ANC activists sheltering within its borders. But a recent crackdown in Swaziland has already claimed five lives (three ANC and two Swazi). Reports of police beatings and torture are frequent.

The most serious incidents occurred in mid-April: three gun battles in the capital, Mbabane, on 11 April with no injuries; a raid on a house in Zakhele on 14 April with heavy gunfire and a policeman killed; an ANC guerrilla and a soldier killed by a hand grenade on 16 April; and a massive seven-hour shoot-out at Ngwane Park on 20 April, killing two ANC fighters. This last battle in a hilly Manzini suburb reduced a substantial house to a shell and seemed to involve heavy weapons. The roof is largely blown off and the walls riddled with bullet holes.

These shootings have aroused a furious response from local residents, which has been whipped into a frenzy by the government. The ANC has been publicly, and totally unfairly, blamed for an increase in armed robberies. The prime minister, Prince Bhekimpi, called the ANC 'foreign criminals infesting Swaziland'. Two weeks ago he launched a campaign calling on all loyal Swazis to report any suspicious goings-on in neighbouring houses. Posters headed 'Beware of strangers' call on people to tell the police if the house next door seems too quiet or if the occupants change too frequently.

All this is in sharp contrast to the recent past, when there was little public concern and a quite workable relationship between the ANC and the police. Swaziland had become the main route for ANC guerrillas going from Mozambique to South Africa, while by and large the Swazi authorities looked the over way. But in the event that armed ANC guerrillas were apprehended, they surrendered without a fight and were given a short jail term. This 'arrangement' has undergone a dramatic change. Now the Swazis are shooting to kill and the ANC may well fight rather than give up for fear of being tortured and sent to South Africa.

THE CHANGE began with the death of King Subhoza II of Swaziland in August 1982. He had protected the ANC and vetoed police requests for raids and round-ups. With his death, the crackdowns began. One ANC representative was expelled, and when the next was killed by a South African car bomb, the ANC was not allowed to replace him. Last Christmas a number of ANC members were detained and some expelled to Mozambique.

Mozambique's signing of a non-aggression pact with South Africa on 16 March was (see *New Statesman* 6 April) the crunch. First, it meant that many more ANC guerrillas than usual were coming from Mozambique to Swaziland. And second, South Africa then put pressure on Swaziland to carry out its non-aggression pact signed secretly two years ago and to crack down on the ANC.

It is not only the recent arrivals who are being picked up. At least 15 men who are long-term residents of Swaziland and who are officially registered with the United Nations High Commission for refugees, have also been detained, even though some are old or ill. Also held is the entire unofficial leadership of the ANC, leaving no one to negotiate with the government or bury the dead.

South Africa started to apply the screws shortly after Mozambique signed. During the first week of April, following a Durban bomb blast, the South Africans searched cars going to Swaziland for the weekend. It was allegedly for explosives being taken out of South Africa, and the searches were so detailed that few cars passed and the queues tailed back for miles, disrupting Swaziland's tourist business.

The following week the shooting incidents began, suggesting a much tougher Swazi stance. Shortly afterwards, Craig Williamson was seen in the Swazi capital. He is a long-term South African secret agent who infiltrated the IUEF (International University Exchange Fund) programme working with the ANC. Before being exposed in 1979, he had regular contacts with the ANC in Swaziland, and seems to be back to help clean them out of the country.

SOUTH AFRICANS are also believed to be acting with the Swazi police and army, although the evidence is circumstantial. We talked to several people who saw white men in camouflage uniform directing the Ngwane Park raid. Swaziland police and army have white advisers, but not as many as were in the raid.

Similarly a South African student told us that at a police check last week near Manzini he spoke in Pedi to one of the policemen and told him his fly was open. The policeman reached down to pull up the zip. Pedi is spoken in South Africa but not in Swaziland.

More sinister are reports of some of those captured being sent to South Africa. The Swazi government vehemently denies this. But one woman told us that while she was being held by the police she witnessed them interrogating ANC members and threatening to send them to South Africa if they did not talk. There are also claims that several ANC prisoners have simply disappeared from the jails.

Most bizarre was an incident at Bhunya police station on 14 April. Four men captured earlier in the day at Zakhele were taken in a raid on the police station. The ANC was blamed but another ANC prisoner in the same jail, who later escaped, has written a statement saying it was a put-up job. The station commander ordered all his men out on assignment so he was there alone. Shortly after, armed men arrived in a car and took away the four ANC men, still in leg irons. It was several hours before a search was mounted.

ANC sources assured us that they did not run the jailbreak and the 'freed' men have not reappeared. Several factors support this view. First, the men had been there only a short time and there had only been the one other ANC prisoner at Bhunya before — so how would the ANC have known to raid this station? Second, an earlier breakout of 15 ANC guerrillas received widespread publicity, yet this one had virtually none. It seems likely that the raid was done by South Africans and the men taken over the border 20 miles away.

All this increases the fears of the ANC members who are still free, and increases their reluctance to surrender. So does the growing brutality of the police. Last week the police admitted they shot and seriously wounded a local man by mistake. The reason given was that he was drunk and ignored a police warning to stop, so he was shot on the assumption he belonged to the ANC.

But the worst brutality seems to be going on inside police cells, especially here in Manzini. Teresa Majdle told us she was repeatedly beaten with a billy club during her interrogation. She also said she was held for a short while in the same room as five ANC men, and that all had bandaged heads and swollen faces, and several were limping. Refugee sources say one man, Cliff Mtembu, is in hospital with serious head wounds and a hand beaten to a pulp by police billy clubs. And they say that two to four others have died in police custody.

Much of this is hard to verify. The Swazi authorities refuse to provide lists of the ANC activists being held, or even to give numbers. They are moved from one jail to another and relatives cannot find them, and some prisoners are not known even to the local ANC because they are recent arrivals from Mozambique. □

Anti-Apartheid News 20p

Twenty five years 1959 1984

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BRETÉCHER

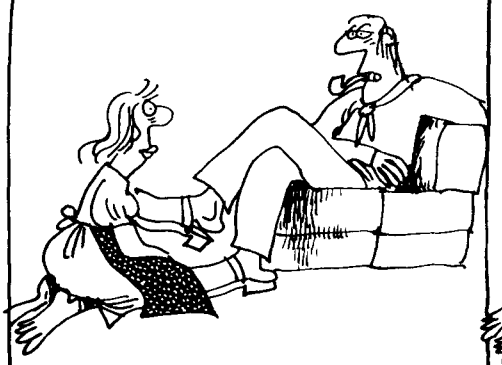
THE SIMPLE LIFE

This Easter when we were staying in that house in Cumbria which belonged to Sophie's mother I spent a long time talking to the gardener...

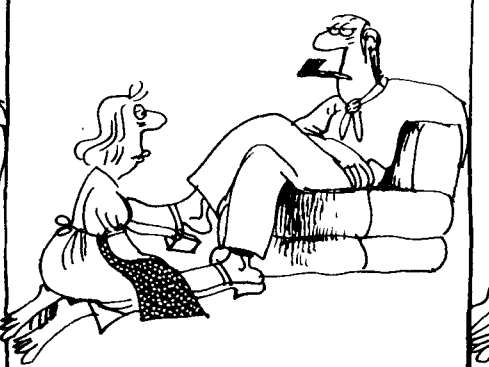
an incredible man – he and I could really communicate...

I mean he certainly wasn't a cultured man and he only had a vocabulary of about two thousand words...

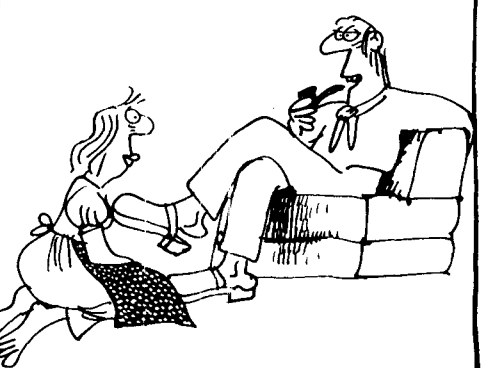
still, I didn't have any trouble communicating with him.... I mean he developed a real rapport



obviously I talked to him about things that matter to him – the soil...



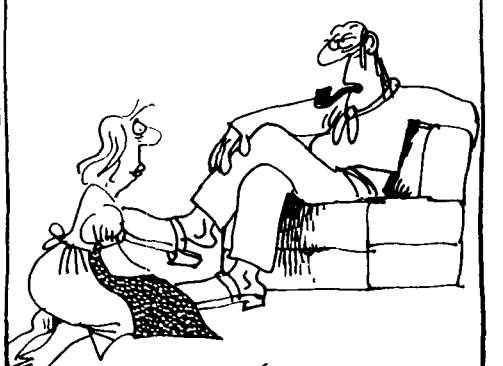
... the lives of the trees... all we know is that a tree's a tree ... that really taught me something



the expression on his face and the kind of humanity that emanated from him was amazing...

you know he was quite right .... we live like pigs!

you know, after speaking to him I honestly and truly feel that Elsas Barbieri really don't exist



BRETÉCHER

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LETTERS

Mies-ing the point

Malcolm MacEwen, Minehead, Somerset

If the *New Statesman* wishes to be taken seriously in the field of architectural criticism it will have to do better than the opinionated and rather ignorant ranting of Jules Lubbock (*NS* 4 May) on the Mies van der Rohe/Palumbo development — to which I am opposed.

It really will not do to dismiss Mies as an architect by airing the juvenile prejudice that his 'shoebox buildings lack all beauty and imagination'. There is abundant evidence that many people find these qualities in his work. I myself dislike the Seagram building in New York because it is a massive misuse of resources, a huge advertisement and a visual slap in the face to the badly housed people in the city; but I admire its proportions and handling of materials.

Nor will it do to attack the London scheme by denigrating those architects who support it with the juvenile comment that they are 'comedians' whose work Lubbock promises to criticise 'when they perform'. He does not seem to realise that Berthold Lubetkin has been out of architecture for more than 30 years and will never 'perform' again. But nobody who knows High Point, his work for Labour councils before the war or the Penguin Pool, not to mention his lifelong commitment to socialism, would call him 'a comedian'.

To call Richard Rogers 'the cossack of Coin Street' is just verbal abuse; it says nothing about his work, or about the Mies-Palumbo scheme. I didn't like his Coin Street scheme, essentially on social grounds. But Rogers is a talented architect, and I could wish that more developers would look for talented architects rather than the hacks that most prefer.

Jim Stirling (whose name Lubbock mis-spells) has, to my eyes, a very mixed track record. But if Lubbock wishes to comment on his performance, why not give us a piece contrasting what seems to be his masterly gallery just opened in Stuttgart with the British Government's miserly and commercial approach to the problems of our National Gallery?

Lubbock's irrelevant attack on John Summerson is based on a misreading of his book *Georgian London.* Summerson did not claim that Covent Garden was the first London square. He merely cites it as the first square designed in the Palladian manner, from which the Georgian style was derived.

Lubbock's final assertion that the public interest in architectural matters has been protected for the past 400 years by a combination of public action and 'rigorous planning regulations' is nonsense. Control was exercised by the crown or by private landlords, until public health regulations were introduced in the 19th Century. Planning legislation had to wait until the 20th Century and the Acts of 1944 and 1947.

History's lessons

Cllr Dr Andrew Short, County Hall, Hertford

A common front appear to have been created between fascists, ex-fascists, 'liberal' intellectuals and the *New Statesman* in opposing the recent decision of the NCCL *not* to aid organisations whose aims are hostile to those of the NCCL. The lessons of history are fragile and are easily forgotten. Past crimes are overlooked, forgotten and forgiven, for the victims are usually no longer with us to bring the perpetrators to book and to prevent a repetition of their misdeeds.

But in the present instance we, victims of fascism or some of us, are still in attendance and ready to testify that fascism is not just another possibly legitimate political movement with some racialist undertones. On the contrary, fascism is a dangerous social disease which may be endemic now but could easily and rapidly become epidemic, not least because conditions in Thatcherite Britain with its youth unemployment, underlying violence and the destruction of a large part of our economy, invite such a development.

German democracy — such as it was — fell victim to the Nazis, let us remember, perfectly constitutionally, not only because the Centre made common cause with them but also and largely because the Left and their liberal intellectual allies held that, in the spirit of 'true' democracy, the Nazis should be allowed to crush the people and their freedoms, so long as constitutional niceties were duly observed. Such a *trahison des clercs* must be resisted in this country if our freedom is to survive, indeed if we are to survive. There can be no democratic freedom for democracy to commit suicide.

Getting the message?

Israel Berkovitch, Hemel Hempstead

There is such an aura of viciousness, bitchiness (either sex) and patronising in your Letters page that I sometimes wonder if you choose letters by this feature to stimulate and provoke other readers.

It is a mood we meet too often. For the anger is in practice much stronger against those essentially on the same side than against clear enemies of progress, socialism and improvements in social conditions. I have experienced it notably in the last few years from the ultra-Left in our Labour Party. There it led ordinary decent people to say they found meetings so nasty that they began to stay at home and then drop out of membership; and knowledge of this vicious mood seeped out into a wider awareness by those who were formerly our supporters resulting in a catastrophic fall in votes in the general election. The mood itself was the message, for there were often few differences on policy with those who were bitterly attacked. However, in the Labour Party I think it is now becoming less bad.

But, more generally, it might be said that it is possible to have socialist debate that acknowledges the integrity, intelligence and goodwill of 'opponents' even though there is a difference of opinion or an omission from the argument. This may be less fun as a knockabout show but it may help further in rebuilding support for socialists in the country and therefore our capacity to serve people by more humane political policies. Hatred can be reserved for our enemies, however naive this may seem.

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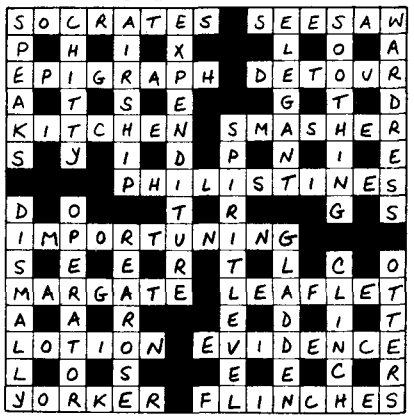
Solution to 1437



Prizewinners to 1437

A.A. Brand (Dundee)
M. Duignan (London NW10)
Mrs Collett Griffiths (Poulton-le-Fylde, Lancs.)

Help!

John McGrath, Artistic Director, 7:84 Theatre Company England

The decision by the Arts Council of Great Britain to spend more money on the regions, to retain the Royal Court Theatre, not to cut the Hayward Gallery, etc, has been extremely well publicised. What was slightly *less* well publicised, under this camouflage, was the fact that several politically oriented theatre companies were cut, including 7:84 England.

We have been told by Luke Rittner that our subsidy will be withdrawn after the end of March of next year, although we are perfectly free to appeal against this decision. We have written to Mr Rittner indicating that we will appeal against the decision and would greatly value help in this crucial moment of 7:84's history.

We would ask any of your readers who have time and inclination to write a note, no matter how short, to Luke Rittner, Secretary General, A.C.G.B., 105 Piccadilly, London W.1., in which they express (ideally) opposition to the cut of 7:84 England on the grounds that its contribution to the artistic and theatrical life of many communities throughout the country is very important, that its artistic standards remain very high, even if different from those of other companies, and that its politics do not merit its suppression in a civilised society.

We would very much appreciate if if they would either send us a copy of the letter or let us know that they have sent it. We need to keep a tally of such letters and the support that we have got, in order to present a fully documented dossier sometime in the autumn in an attempt to persuade whatever appeal procedures the Arts Council may have invented to overturn the decision. We really do need all the help we can get.

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Simon Frith

No satisfaction

A Nice Girl Like Me
ROSIE BOYCOTT *Chatto* £8.95

Motherhood: the redemption for all that libertarian/hippie/feminist sin

On Hunter Davies's Radio 4 programme *Bookshelf*, Rosie Boycott was introduced, aptly, with a stringy muzaky version of Scott McKenzie's 1967 hit, 'San Francisco'. Her book is sub-titled 'A Story of the Seventies', is blurb-claimed as 'the first report from a decade which, although so recently over, is already history'. But the decade is markedly absent from the book, whether in its punk or glitter form. Read alongside *Every Move You Make*, Alison Fell's dour Seventies *roman à clef* (which has better claim to be those years' first report), Rosie Boycott's life appears strikingly little to do with what the Seventies meant to most people — the politics, private and public, of recession. *A Nice Girl Like Me* is, in fact, as Hunter Davies assumed, a postscript to the Sixties.

Rosie Boycott had a particular kind of success story. A middle-class child who reached the late 1960s London sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll scene via Cheltenham Ladies College and, more bizarrely, the Cheltenham Ladies College East End Settlement, she dropped out of Kent University in 1970 and got a job (the usual way then, via her boyfriend) on *Frendz*, the underground paper that had emerged from *Rolling Stone*'s brief attempt to publish a British edition. She became part of London's alternative media set and, in 1972, with Marsha Rowe, started *Spare Rib*. She left it when libertarianism and feminism (individualism and collectivity) began to clash and did the Asian trip, getting on and (in jail) off heroin. She spent time in a guru enterprise in Colorado, became editor of a magazine in Kuwait, was, by the end of the decade, that nebulous figure 'a well known journalist'.

Boycott tells this story but it's not the point of her book. Her life, a third-person narrative, is, rather, cut into a much more personal account of her 1981 treatment for (and recovery from) alcoholism. As a magazine-style confession, *A Nice Girl Like Me* is gripping — the sheer hard work involved in drinking and not drinking is described painfully, made me brood about my own bad habits. But the obsession with drink distorts Boycott's autobiography as much as it did her life. She runs through her memory in search of clues (mostly unconvincing) as to why she drank; she has little curiosity about anyone except herself; she's peculiarly unafflicted by moral or aesthetic choices — she suffers fools gladly. There's nothing to be learnt here, then, about the politics of *Frendz* or *Spare Rib* (though I was intrigued to discover that the latter was named by Claud Cockburn), about Kuwait or the guru-cult. Boycott's claims to represent something — a generation? — are, on the face of it, absurd.

The book will be read that way, though. Boycott translates her life so efficiently into the clichés of the journalist's moral accounting system that, whatever her intentions, alcoholism comes across as the wages of libertarian/hippie/feminist sin — Boycott's implicit solutions to 'the deep down wants of woman' are a husband and a child.

A Nice Girl Like Me matters for what it feeds into the popular memory of the Sixties, for the way it supports current denigration of those years from both political Right and Left. On the one hand, Boycott's Seventies unhappiness confirms the Tory critique of 'permissiveness' — public licence and private indulgence turned out to mean not pleasure without consequence but a sort of creeping self-disgust. On the other hand, *A Nice Girl Like Me* supports the left argument that the counter-culture was just another career opportunity for the privileged middle classes. A gay comedian once wryly commented to *City Limits* that the problem of coming from a middle-class family was not that his parents disapproved of his career but that they expected him to be successful at it. Boycott's life, whether as alternative journalist or as alcoholic, seems to have been driven by the same bourgeois instincts.

What this leaves out of account is that for most people libertarian fantasy was just that, fantasy. Ideologically speaking, the counter-culture mattered more to the people who couldn't live it than to those who (briefly) could (more to working-class than to middle-class youth, more to women than men) precisely because it was not something that could be absorbed easily into domestic or wage-earning routine. 'Permissiveness' certainly didn't make people's lives easier but it did, for good, change our sense of possibility and thus open up new sites of struggle (and defeat) around work and politics, pleasure and sex.

Alison Fell's novel (unlike Rosie Boycott's life) touches on these Seventies effects, but needs to be read in conjunction with Ann Oakley's *Taking It Like A Woman* which brings to the surface the Sixties legacy in which Fell is still partially trapped — the problematic self-consciousness which results from the dissolution of intimacy, secrets, private lives. The key to the counter-culture lay not in the pursuit of pleasures for their own sake, but in people's desires to be 'special', to make commonplace the expressive individuality glimpsed in the Romantic world of art and beat and bohemia. The assumption that artists are special people binds Fell's narrative together, drives Oakley's frustrated fictions, still inspires pop culture. The libertarian, 'indulgent' critiques of ordinary life that the Sixties these days stand for, their packaging of Romanticism as pop commodity, are, it turns out, still the most potent sources of daily dissatisfaction. The problem, which can't be solved in the clinics, remains how to act on them.

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FICTION
Roger Lewis

Soft machines

The Place of Dead Roads
WILLIAM BURROUGHS *John Calder* £9.95
The Planiverse
A. K. DEWDNEY *Picador* £7.95 & £2.95

William Burroughs is a matter of taste; or, rather, distaste. Along with Henry Miller and Norman Mailer he forms a triumvirate in American letters, the members of which are dedicated to the promotion of their own *membrum virile.* Miller was a clockwork copulator, the successor to Frank Harris (and just as talented). Mailer, as Woody Allen said in *Sleeper,* strives to manufacture an ego bequeathable to the Harvard Medical School.

Being the least boastful about his conquests, Burroughs is the most self-indulgent of the trio: his fantasies are chilling because he is detached from them in a way that his compatriots are not. Miller and Mailer produce, for themselves, onanistic manuals, fantasised autobiographies; Burroughs publishes autobiographical fantasy. For all their depictions of decomposing flesh and sickeningly prettified executions, his novels are scrupulously clinical experiments — upon himself.

And this is where it becomes difficult to take him with due seriousness. The personality portrayed in print and the sallow, glazed visage which looks so stonily out of photographs bespeak a warped genius. But the warped genius with his self-directed anatomical experiments resembles a mad quack from a 1930s Hollywood horror film. More macabrely, Burroughs is a refugee from the scenario of an underground snuff movie.

The cinematographic linkage is apt. Burroughs has developed the 'cut-up' method (how surgical that sounds), his prose scissored into slips and rearranged randomly. This papery montage is an attempt to disembowel the story and let it all tell itself in whatever way the glued pattern dictates. Razoring his scribbles, the author thus abjures the rights of organisation; narrative becomes, ostensibly, aleatory.

In this way Burroughs marks the parodic twilight of a tradition begun by the English Romantics: the artist pretending that his deeply personal effusions belong to somebody — or something — else. His fascination with narcotics confirms the heritage both derided and summed up. The ancestors of the crazied cut-up are Coleridge's *Kubla Khan,* the opium poppy propelling the pen, and Keats's *Ode on Melancholy* , where we find 'aching Pleasure nigh Turning to Poison while the bee-mouth sips'. Poetry for Burroughs is to notice 'a hypodermic syringe glints in the sun'. His gruesome universe — made famous in *The Naked Lunch* and strung out once more along **The Place of Dead Roads** — was initially induced by drugs. It is a hallucinogenic locker room perfumed by sweat-sodden jockstraps and gun grease and furnished with the sporty props Burroughs so adores. *The Naked Lunch* was prefaced by an article from *The British Journal of Addiction* — a catalogue of pill popping and its effects. One sentence seems particularly telling: 'A pleasurable sensation may become intolerable after a certain intensity is reached.' Burroughs's subsequent work has been an exercise in tilting his feelings not just from pleasure into pain, but from pain into the semblance of death. He loves death so much he has to stay alive to enjoy thinking about it.

The Place of Dead Roads is the latest despatch from the sepulchre (a place now full of cowboys), but the necrophilic vision is a trademark, like Wordsworth's daffodils. And the trouble with a trademark is that it is an automatic imprint. Does the new novel, therefore, manage anything new?

It does. A mechanical element has been added to Burroughs's aesthetic. His universe, martial rather than marital, has always wondered how it can manage reproduction. He has essayed the rites of black magic and intercourse with numinous clouds (compare the occultism of Mailer's *Ancient Evenings*); we have had fission engendered by fevers (compare Poe's *The Masque of Red Death*). Constantly, there has been a movement towards a vampiric millennium, when life will be rekindled out of death.

What is more lifeless than a machine? Guns have become increasingly important toys in Burroughs; now they are the objects lovingly tended and soon to be mated with. *The Place of Dead Roads,* situated on the wild frontier run by macho law, is the perfect environment for the canonisation of the bullet. Weaponry is a protective god and guns are no longer phallic symbols, they are phalli. 'Kim dances around. . . rubbing the gun in his crotch. . . the gun in both hands pulsing to his heartbeats.'

Bizarre as this is, Burroughs's gradual disinclination to believe in the existence of other people, coupled with his gradual adoration of what he calls 'the soft machine', is a tendency attendant upon that ubiquitous household guru, the computer. **The Planiverse**, 'computer contact with a two-dimensional world', is a clear indication that, as machines make everything possible, nothing is going to seem worthwhile.

Once again, what we are given is derived from the B picture. Characterisation and dialogue are redolent of cardboard science fiction. The Professor is called to the lab by his keen assistants: 'What, exactly, is going on?' A computer programme has started to answer back with information not fed into it. 'There did appear to be an entity conversing with the students, exchanging words with them and becoming continually more fluent in the process.' The ghosts inside the machine, and the adventures they get up to, are electronic Tolkien. Nomenclature is a mixture of Yiddish and Celtic. Dewdney has pretended to be merely the editor of the print-outs. In this instance, his bluff may be called: *The Planiverse* is a comatose video game. The two-dimensional existence Dewdney is so excited about has been available in cold print for centuries and, a little less long, on TV. Hoped and hyped as hyper-modern, *The Planiverse* is Victorian. Avowedly based on E.A. Abbott's *Flatland* of 1884, the novel's exposition of cities, technology, music and geography is indeed encyclopaedic in an old-fashioned way — as though, by cataloguing, you are understanding. The shape of things to come, as always, is a stylistic invention of the past. □

BIOGRAPHY
Paul Binding

Archetypal

F. Scott Fitzgerald: A Biography
ANDRÉ LE VOT *Allen Lane* £14.95

Scott Fitzgerald denied that there was 'any such thing' as 'expressing oneself':

> It simply doesn't exist. What one expresses in a work of art is the dark, tragic destiny of being an instrument of something uncomprehended, incomprehensible, unknown. . .

The so often publicity-attended course of Fitzgerald's life has, however, ensured that his own works of art are invariably related to the man himself and to his times. Beyond doubt Fitzgerald has passed into our century's mythology. Hardly a literate person exists who cannot recite the successive doomed roles that Fitzgerald still continues to play for us: brilliant young *arriviste;* ambivalent dariing of fashionable worlds; infatuated, tormented husband of the schizophrenic Zelda; friend of Hemingway and Gertrude Stein; despairing alcoholic; Hollywood hack; and, most poignant of all, neglected writer dying at 44 'in poverty and almost total oblivion'. In 1939, André le Vot tells us, 'he collected 33 dollars in royalties and his books were almost impossible to find'. Now, no books are easier to find than his — they are popular, they are studied, they have generated both commercial films and learned exegeses. Fitzgerald's final role is that of the posthumous success, with all the ironic connotations that term contains. André le Vot's mammoth book — the fruit of 20 years' work — is a further testimony to Fitzgerald's significance for us and should become the definitive one.

The principal reason for Fitzgerald's continuing fascination must, of course, be sought in ourselves. The — often literally — violent oscillations and ups-and-downs of his career surely mirror our own unhappy relationship to his and our capitalist society. His greatest social successes (which André le Vot unsparingly chronicles) had always — for all the softness and weaknesses of his character — a certain piratical quality. He thrilled to luxury, but his appreciation of it could never quell the maverick in him; rather the opposite. And our society both creates the taste for luxury and shows us, daily, its profound and cruel irrelevance. Fitzgerald's ghastly last years — wretched in capitalism's most extraordinary citadel, Hollywood — could have been invented by Dreiser or Farrell to illustrate how Mammon

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treats His subjects. André le Vot is particularly good on Fitzgerald's interest in Marxism, a felt interest inspired by the Depression and encouraged by Edmund Wilson and others. But 'interest' is all it really was and, given Fitzgerald's nature and culture, it is hard to see how it could ever have been anything stronger. It made not a whit of difference to his sybaritic tastes and neurotic actions, any more than 50 years later it is apt to in his successors.

To a certain extent all the above is equally true of our attachment to Fitzgerald's fiction, but not I think wholly. Those words of Fitzgerald's about what a work of art should be pertain remarkably to his own productions, the finest of which are curiously independent of their creator. We may find — and le Vot does — transpositions from life in the books, *but* — and le Vot brings this out very commendably — that is not what is important about them. *The Great Gatsby* and *Tender is the Night* are elaborate lapidary creations, not works of disguised confession. What moved and excited me about them on first reading was their psychic address, the way the great scenes (and Fitzgerald very much works in scenes) were informed by elements from the unconscious, often indeed from the collective unconscious, so that they set up the strangest and deepest reverberations.

The social criticism — undoubtedly an important feature — is not really so very impressive. There is a limit to ambivalence after all; some things should promote sterner, more steadfast reactions. There is, indeed, an unedifying cowardice in Fitzgerald; but, for confronting the riven psyche of modern humanity, the battleground of the social animal and the thirster after pure love, there are few novelists his equal.

André le Vot's biography assists one to a deeper understanding of man and writer, because it assumes that Fitzgerald had both an exceptional imagination and an exceptional ability to articulate it; therefore the closest attention to his life is necessary if we are to take from his work what is complicatedly there. At times, it must be confessed, le Vot is a little too indefatigable over detail. The book proceeds in very slow motion. This is a venial failing however. In most respects it is an exceedingly valuable and rewarding study. Le Vot is very good on Fitzgerald's attitude to his father (whose presence haunts his *oeuvre*) and illuminating, above all other critics, on his relation to France. (He believes that Fitzgerald had a natural empathy with French culture, shown, in his fiction, by his mandarin sense of craft, in his life, by his close friendship with André Chamson.) He is intelligent and feeling about both Zelda and Hemingway. And he also offers a most revelatory reading of the *The Great Gatsby*, endorsing his interpretations with findings from Fitzgerald's drafts.

Apparently the symbolic contrast between the pastoral and the materialistic was to have been even more fully developed. There were to have been extensive scenes of fake, blasphemous pastoral. This adds meaning to the beautiful last pages of the novel, where the narrator invokes a time when Long Island was a 'fresh, green breast of the new world'. So, today, almost 60 years after *The Great Gatsby* was written, its weak, divided creator can be seen as still in the vanguard of those who mourn what capitalism has done.

PAPERBACKS
Alan Brien

Red handed

007 NEVER had it so bad — complained Regis Debray's hero in his one adventure novel, *Undesirable Alien*, about an undercover European revolutionary operating in South America. Here he was, starved of money, weapons, transport, often even of a bed for the night, needing new false papers every few months, classed as a criminal by the authorities of every country in which he became an illegal resident. There was his image in negative, conspicuous even among the rich at the *hotel de luxe*, scorning aliases or disguises ('My name is Bond, James Bond'), unrestricted by expenses, able to assume the benign neutrality, if not support, of all Western security services.

Debray knew what he was writing about, from first-hand experience — as I suppose did Ian Fleming, though Beaverbrook once told me that the creator of 007, during his war-time stint in Naval Intelligence, was known to colleagues as 'the Chocolate Sailor'. So too did Claud Cockburn, another former Communist agent in the field, while Dashiel Hammett was a life-long Marxist. But it remains rare to find an author on the Left who makes a political commitment overt, even commonplace.

Often, among the American pioneers of the egg-head, thick-ear crime novel, a general undercurrent of disillusion and cynicism washed away at the foundations of capitalist society. It is clear from his **Selected Letters** (PaperMac, £6.95) or the much more enlightening and varied **Raymond Chandler Speaking** (Allison & Busby, £2.95) that even Chandler was at heart a rather timid, conventional philistine. But he had no problem in persuading his generation to accept that being rich was already to be half-corrupt, to look for a natural link between organised crime and the bent cop, and to regard the private eye who could not be bought, against his conscience, as due for beatification.

For those who imagine that Marlowe, or Hammett's Spade, were lone exemplars, I recommend once more a treat in the trio of Black Box thrillers (Zomba, £5.95), each volume packaging **Four Novels** by David Goodis, Jim Thompson or Cornell Woolrich.

Among those still producing, I enjoy John D. MacDonald, a crimewriter who regularly and brilliantly transcends his own formula, dispatching his all-American Travis McGee on a quest after real dragons — crooked politicians, tainted businessmen and union bosses, bought media hacks, sadistic sheriffs — available *ad lib* in Pan editions.

So, a welcome to Pluto Press for launching a series of paperback thrillers whose protagonists are at least emotionally on the Left, display an allegiance to democracy based on economic as well as political freedoms, and show some familiarity with socialist history. Among the first quartet, the trans-Atlantic entry, Gordon de Marco's **October Heat** (£2.95), is the weakest. It has a marvellous idea — a big business-major studio strong-arm plot to prevent Upton Sinclair, socialist novelist, becoming Governor of California in 1934.

Much of the detail is authentic, with the movie moguls faking newsreels and hiring actors for *vox pop* interviews. Real participants are introduced, such as Chaplin, Harry Bridges, the Longshoreman's boss who fought for 25 years against a Government campaign to deport him, and Tom Mooney, the labour leader locked away on perjured evidence as author of a terrorist bomb atrocity. Unfortunately, the mix of Hammett and Chandler never gells, the language is strained, the characters painfully prefabricated.

Gillian Slovo's **Morbid Symptoms** (£2.95) is almost unnervingly modern — not so much like tomorrow's newspapers as last month's *City Limits* — and attempting rather too much insight and sophistication. The central figure, unto whom things are continually being done before she can do unto them, is a journalist turned sleuth, a socialist-feminist, hired by a gaggle of progressive groups to look into the mysterious death of a playboy radical. South Africa House plays the same sort of role the Czech Embassy does in right-wing versions and Ms Slovo manages a few funny and ingenious touches, like the Marxian astrologer whose eye-witness account is somewhat weakened by being given in the form of star signs: 'at a guess, an insecure Gemini, with Capricorn rising.'

Nancy Milton's **The China Option** (£3.50) is the most ambitious of the four. Another investigative journalist, this time an American in Peking, finds herself stumbling over strands of a complex conspiracy set in a near future where the close US partnership with China is dependent on its anti-Soviet foreign policy and easy exploitation of her minerals so long as no genuine socialist opposition is allowed to interfere. The Western exploiters back the bureaucratic status quo — as one of them says 'nobody wants a Chinese Gdansk'. Ms Milton does for Peking in 1984 what Cruz Smith did for Moscow in **Gorky Park** (Pan, £1.95) in 1982. Her perceptions of American, Chinese, Russian secret policies are all too plausible, the action is brisk and exciting, and the whole smell of another life on the opposite side of the earth flares the hair in your nostrils.

Nevertheless, the Pluto Press volume I most enjoyed was Manuel Vazquez Montalban's **Murder in the Central Committee** (£3.50). It is difficult to resist the sheer *chutzpah* of the author's basic situation — the lights go out at a meeting of the top body of the Spanish Communist Party in a locked room and, when they come on ten seconds later, the General Secretary has been assassinated.

The Party's own inquiry is carried out by Pepe Carvalho, a wonderfully real and solid eccentric, former CP member, obsessive foody and fusser over drink, philosopher, cynic and not averse to an unexpected lay. Much of the pleasure lies in the non-mystery narrative (as Chandler insisted it should) and the exploration of a city, Madrid, where the theories of socialism are taken seriously, yet recognised as being topics of excitement. There are apparently three other Pepe Carvalho novels. I cannot wait for them to be published here. Meanwhile, make the most of this.

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The Diaries of Hannah Cullwick, Victorian Maidservant

ed. LIZ STANLEY *Virago* £5.95

Hannah Cullwick, scullerymaid, met Arthur Munby, upper-class litterateur, in 1854. For nearly 20 years, before their secret marriage in 1873, Hannah remained in the lowest forms of domestic service, seeing Munby only when she could get away from her exacting employers. Even after the marriage, when Hannah moved into Munby's chambers, she remained a servant, sleeping in the kitchen, and stoutly refusing the role of 'lady'.

During the years of separation, Munby, whose life-long fascination was working-class girls and their occupations, insisted that Hannah kept a diary of her daily chores (thereby adding to them — she didn't enjoy writing and gave the diary up as soon as they were married). Along with a detailed record of the staggering workload Victorian servants were expected to shoulder, there is also the extraordinary account of Hannah's subservience to her 'Massa' (Munby): 'wash'd Massa's feet'; 'knelt down & lick'd his boots after I'd kiss'd him'. In the same factual tone with which she can record 'I clean'd 63 pairs o' boots last month', she writes, 'I've bin a slave now 9 years & worn the chains & padlocks 6 years.'

Yet Liz Stanley, who has prepared the diaries for publication, resists the obvious implications of sado-masochism. If sado-masochism is primarily about power then, Stanley argues in her Introduction, Hannah achieved a kind of power over Munby through her complicity in his obsession with dirt, squalor and subservience. The sexual content of the relationship was virtually nil (it is an open question whether the marriage was ever consummated), though readers less averse to 'psychoanalytic theorising' than Stanley will detect displaced or sublimated sexuality in some aspects of Hannah's behaviour.

In Stanley's view, Hannah's servitude was paradoxically an assertion of independence, a willed commitment to 'freedom, labour, service' — a delight in her own considerable physical strength and a claustrophobic horror of 'gentility' ('The feeling is dreadful — that being stuck in a drawing room & having a fussy fine lady talking to you'), coupled with a sincere belief in Christian humility which became merged with Munby's private cult of 'rough dirty work'.

That this strange life story, which is undoubtedly sad, is not pitiful, is due to the sheer robustness of character displayed by Hannah (and well conveyed in the diaries' lively prose). At the end of this lengthy account of drudgery and wilful self-abasement, one is left with the impression of a great strength of spirit and a surprising inner confidence.

Simon Rae

Glubb Pasha: A Biography

JAMES LUNT *Harvill* £12.50

Sir John Bagot Glubb, or Glubb Pasha, or Abu Hunaik 'the father of the little jaw' — half his jaw was shot away in the 1914-18 war — is a minor figure in British military history, but more important in the creation of Arab unity and self-confidence over a period of more than 35 years after the First World War. He was a hangover of the old Empire, relying on personal contacts more than field intelligence, who gradually moulded the Arab Legion into a small, highly trained modern army officered by Arabs, which had among its ranks Bedouin tribesmen previously thought unsuitable for disciplined military service. Although intimate with Jordan's King Abdullah, Glubb was ignominiously dismissed in 1956 by an immature and inexperienced Husain. As in so many cases, Glubb was treated badly in retirement both by H.M. Treasury and by Jordan: he has turned an honest penny or two by using his pen, writing more than 20 books.

James Lunt's biography is partial to Glubb's cause. Often his style is flat and awkward, sometimes marked by an irritating naiveté of expression. The book stands as a minor work about a minor figure.

Brian Martin

Stefano Delle Chiaie: Portrait of a Black Terrorist

STUART CHRISTIE *Anarchy Magazine/Refract Publications* £4.50

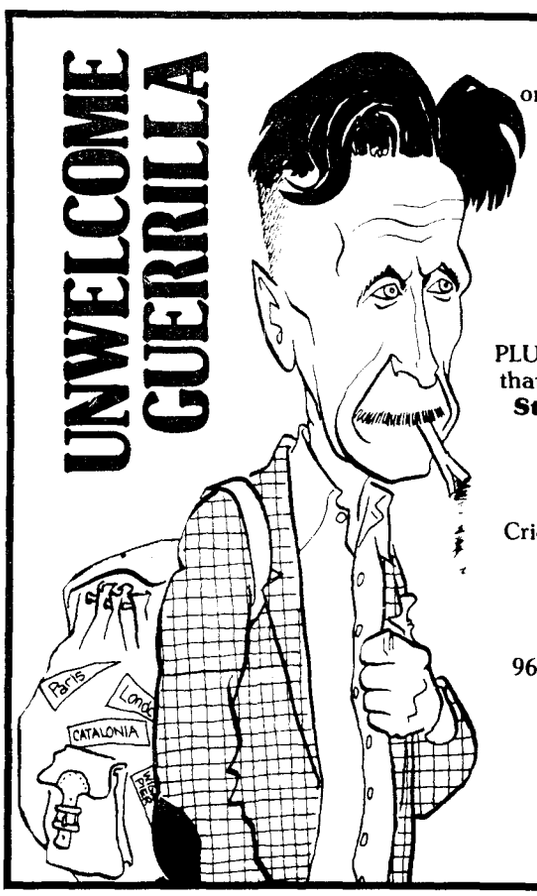
Christie's narrative opens with the 1980 bombing of Bologna railway station, which left 85 dead and over 200 seriously injured, using Delle Chiaie's involvement in this and other outrages as a device to examine the development of Italian neo-Fascism over the last 40 years. He relates how British and US Intelligence connived in the survival of Italian Fascist groups in the aftermath of the war, intending to use them as a bulwark against Communism, and explores the way in which cold war strategy has contributed to the re-emergence and growth of Fascist terrorism.

Delle Chiaie has been implicated in most of the extreme right-wing scandals and terrorist attacks in Italy since the 1960s, including two attempted coups; the Milan bombing (1969) which left 16 dead and 86 injured; the bombing of the Rome-Munich Express (1974) with 12 dead and 48 injured, and the Bologna bombing. Originally a member of *Ordine Nuovo*, Delle Chiaie broke away to form his own *Avanguardia Nazionale*, whose members were used by the Italian government for covert operations against the increasingly powerful socialist movement. For several years he was linked to the Spanish-based commando-style organisation, *Paladin*, run by Austrian Nazi Otto Skorzeny, and subsequently Delle Chiaie and his colleagues were active in Latin America, helping to set up right-wing death squads and providing 'security' for Bolivian drug Barons.

The origins of the so-called 'strategy of tension' — a campaign of terror, infiltration, provocation and murder, which was hammered out between Italian fascists and members of the Greek military Junta in 1967 and 1968, are clearly explained. It involved the infiltration of socialist and anarchist organisations by fascists in an attempt to ensure that they were blamed for the terrorist attacks by the Right. Random terrorism, apparently from the Left, was intended to encourage people to accept right-wing authoritarianism. Christie situates the murder of left-wing publisher Feltrinelli and the 'accidental death' of anarchist Guiseppe Pinelli clearly within the framework of this strategy.

Heavily illustrated, the text races along like a detective novel, an impression reinforced by the almost overwhelming welter of names, of people and organisations, that together make up one of the longest, most complex and bloodiest conspiracies in contemporary history. This information is well handled, bringing organisations as diverse as the French OAS and the Masonic Lodge P2 into the structure of the over-all conspiracy without inventing connections. The book provides a useful overview of modern European Fascism and its relationship to particular power blocs within existing political and military establishments.

Martyn Everett



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ETHICS
Harriett Gilbert

Beasts

The Case for Animal Rights
TOM REGAN *Routledge* £17.95

Descartes maintained that animals were machines. Cartesian scientists, according to a contemporary:

> administered beatings to dogs with perfect indifference and made fun of those who pitied the creatures as if they felt pain.

What those scientists dreamt about at night, history doesn't relate — but Descartes' theory was not altogether illogical. Since neither he nor anyone else has experienced being a non-human animal, any explanation of growling or howling is bound to include some assumptions. Complying with Ockham's razor, Descartes' theory (or so he believed) relied on the minimum assumptions necessary.

His logic is refutable with logic — as American philosopher Tom Regan, in this meticulous, provocative book, demonstrates with dexterity — but what is perhaps as important to remember, since neither philosopher can *prove* himself right, is that Descartes himself is said to have treated his pet dog 'as though' it were conscious, and that most of us make the same assumption about the 'higher' animals, at least.

Some of us may also believe that our treatment of the higher animals tallies with this assumption that they are conscious. To those, I must urgently recommend such recent publications as Mark Gold's *Assault and Battery* (Pluto), or Richard North's *The Animals Report* (Penguin). Others, I suppose, having studied the facts on factory farming, laboratory experiments and blood sports, have managed to stare them in the eye. To those, there is probably nothing to be said.

For the rest of us Regan's book is invaluable, for it tries to create an ethical structure strong enough to account not only for animals, but for abbatoir employees, Canadian fishermen, those with incurable diseases. Regan by-passes the notions of cruelty and kindness. What he attempts is a system of inalienable, individual rights — to encompass all conscious beings.

To do this, he has first to argue that non-human and human creatures are sufficiently alike in the relevant respects to be served by the same set of ethics. He establishes, with reference to our understanding of evolutionary theory, that there's no reason to suppose that animals *aren't* conscious, that they don't have preferences, individuality and a sense of 'living their life' essentially like ours. Questions about how we harm those properties must therefore be treated as they would be were people concerned.

Regan's next step is to justify why our relations with *anyone* should be based on a notion of rights. This is an area of fierce dissension. R.G. Frey, in his recent publication *Rights, Killing and Suffering* (Blackwell), argues that rights lead to 'obfuscation'. Regan provides a thorough demonstration that rights is not only the most unambiguous theory for disentangling moral claims, but that it is the one least open to abuse by majorities or powerful minorities.

Throughout, his arguments assume that individuals are more important than the groups into which they form. For those who find this acceptable, there are still some criticisms to be made. For a start, not all the implications of Regan's theory are pursued to their end; more centrally, there are moments when he positively seems to deny them. In a hypothetical 'lifeboat' scene, for example, he justifies chucking the dog overboard with 'Death for the dog, in short, though a harm, is not comparable to the harm that death would be for any of the humans'. Even if the dog were a healthy puppy and the humans all terminally ill? But, if Regan's is not the final word on a subject which has only begun to engage our serious attention, his book must stand beside Peter Singer's *Animal Liberation* as one of the most important, lucid and interesting to date. □

VICTORIAN SOCIETY
Stephen Brook

Wedlocked

Parallel Lives: Five Victorian Marriages
PHYLLIS ROSE *Chatto* £11.95

Phyllis Rose is a fine literary critic, so it's appropriate that her metaphor for marriage is that of narrative constructs that tell of 'the management of power between men and women in that microcosmic relationship'. Yet

Laurence Lerner

Absence

The streets are full of people. None is you.
The yelping cars, the quiet swish of buses,
The loud words sprawled on news stands,
lovers whispering
What they already know, the mad desire
Of everyone to sell me food, dreams, beauty
(Such as it is, without you): all this fills
A space the size of Paris. All subsists
And did and will, without me.

In my room
(If I dropped dead, who'd know?) among the
books,
The gaping cups, the leaden tea, the dust,
The telephone, inert and obstinate,
The useless bed, the hours and hours of
silence,
I watch myself drop dead, and undisturbed
My absence settles on the bed like dust,
And no-one knows.

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this book is no treatise and she never forgets her subjects' humanity, even when their behaviour is sufficient to strain the warmest sympathy. She is aided by the singular quality of the five marriages: the Carlyles were scarcely Mr and Mrs Average. She has chosen 'literary' marriages largely because writers document their lives, but the outcome resembles a book about flowers that discusses only orchids.

Rose does suggest ways in which Victorian marriages differed from later yokings. Since Freud, she argues, we cannot separate marriage from sexuality; the Victorians, however, were quite capable of doing so. Although a cruel celibacy could be endlessly rationalised by the likes of Ruskin, it was also possible for the (probably) unconsummated marriage of the Carlyles to succeed on its own bizarre terms. Moreover, in an age when divorce was difficult to obtain, unhappy wives had to be inventive to keep sexually repulsive husbands at bay and carve out lives for themselves.

Yet, despite this, these five colourful marriages seem mostly atypical. How much does George Eliot's rejection of convention tell us about what Rose calls 'the burdens of respectability' from which she freed herself? George Eliot's case remains stubbornly singular not just because she was an independent woman in an age of rigid convention, but because she was George Eliot.

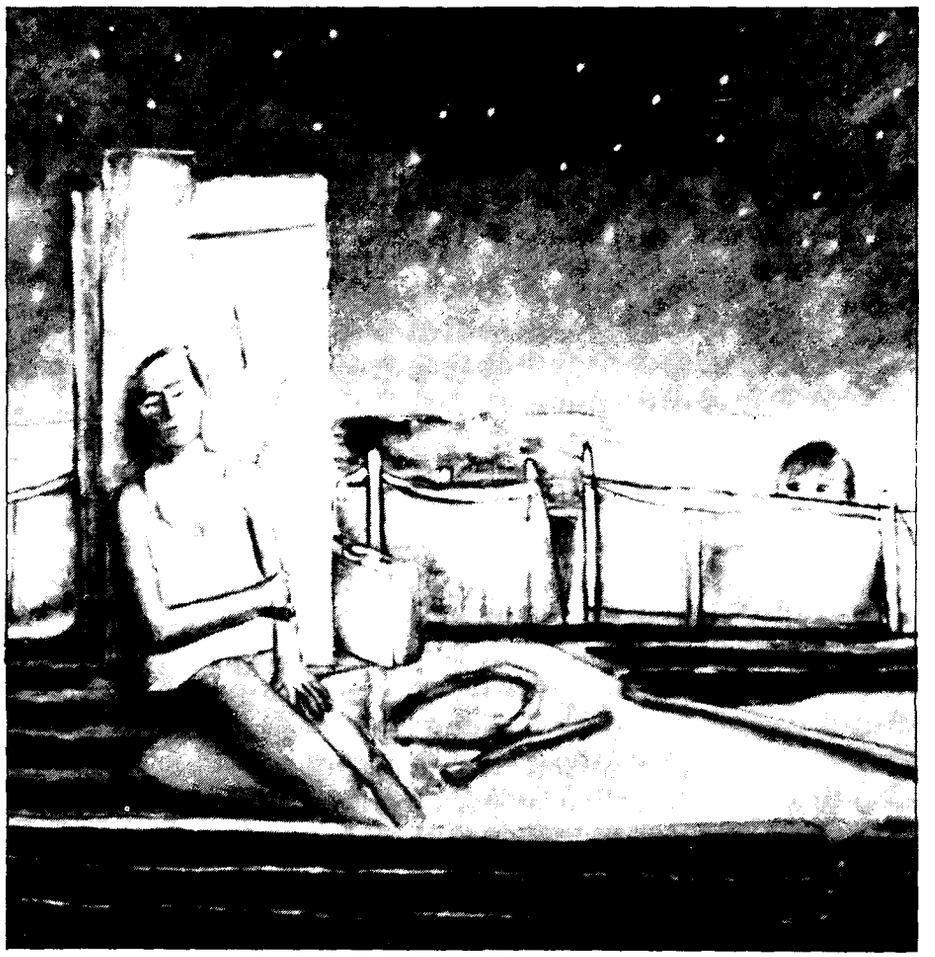
John Stuart Mill presents a more enlightening case. Harriet Taylor, a vivacious intelligent woman married to a good man who bored her profoundly, took up with Mill and an uneasy *ménage à trois* developed. Yet Harriet was not a woman of voracious appetites. Both she and Mill expressed loud contempt for sensuality. Their daring was not one of licentiousness but of forging a bond based on the loftiest rational principles. When the couple eventually married, Mill issued a document disclaiming his legal rights as a husband. His insistence on equality was noble, but, as Rose observes, their marriage became 'a domestic case of affirmative action'. With Mill's acquiescence, 'Harriet ran the show. A female autocrat merely replaced the usual male'. This does seem peculiarly Victorian, this blend of earnestness and self-deception.

Rose regards the Carlyles' marriage as 'uniquely compatible'. 'She gave him the stability and affection he needed to work; he gave her the frustration and annoyance she required to thrive.' When, however, he neglected her, she took revenge in her diaries, which he remorsefully read only after her death. Overcome with guilt, Carlyle then published Jane's memorials. Like Dickens, Carlyle made public statements about his marriage; but where Dickens pointed the finger of blame at his wretched wife, Carlyle pointed it at himself.

Dickens was surely the worst of the five husbands. Ruskin's treatment of Effie was scarcely much better, but Ruskin suffered from psychological warpings that mitigate if they do not excuse; Dickens should have known better. These imperious judgments are my own; Rose eschews them. Her method is to unfold rather than moralise. It's the strength of her book, and also its weakness. *Parallel Lives* is elegant, wise, shrewd, unfailingly perceptive, yet somehow the themes of the book — power and equality — never come fully into view. □

ART
John Spurling

Time and tide



Unresolved mystery: Andrzej Jackowski's 'Love's Journeys 1'

English Expressionism
Warwick Arts Trust, 33 Warwick Square, London SW1
Andrzej Jackowski
Anne Berthoud, 1 Langley Court, London WC2 until June 2, then Newlyn Art Gallery and South Hill Park Arts Centre
Chris Baker
Paton Gallery, 2 Langley Court, London WC2

The wheel of fashion turns and the 'English Expressionism' assembled by Milton Grundy (with help from John Hoyland and Atroshenko) at the Warwick Arts Trust already begins to look a bit off top centre. Yet the work is all recent, some half-dozen of the artists (including Hoyland himself, John Walker, Gillian Ayres and Albert Irvin) are relatively leading figures and the rest mostly young hopefuls. On the other hand, their expressionism is almost entirely abstract — derived from such American Abstract Expressionists as Pollock and Hofmann — while the up-to-the-minute brand is partly figurative, with European antecedents.

The difference is not simply a matter of surface style, of shapes which can be read as objects or figures replacing shapes which can be read only as themselves. Both sorts of post-war expressionists, these longer-established abstract ones and the newer figurative ones, go in for a lot of feverish activity on the surface — swirling, sweeping, swathing brush-strokes, much paint, heavy texture and strong colour. Both sorts play on the emotions and try to liberate the imagination. Both rely on a sense of mystery. The difference is in the nature of the mystery.

In his introduction to a previous selection of abstract expressionists at the Hayward in 1980, John Hoyland made the standard comparison with music: 'it appeals to the emotions but we don't attempt to specify these feelings.' The mystery here, in other words, is purely aesthetic: the eye pursues colours, shapes and lines and the mind enjoys a series of related feelings which could perhaps be analysed but don't need to be. In theory the feelings might be gloomy and depressing as often as ebullient or exhilarating, but in practice they are usually the latter. In this exhibition there are degrees of optimism — ranging from the candy sweetness of Mali Morris's *Blue Island* and Gary Wragg's *Shutters and Ears* through the grand and sober calm of John Walker's *Untitled* to the hectic throb of Irvin's stripes or Hoyland's discs — but

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no one except James Byrne, in *Convergence I,* even hints at a darker mood. The gathering of so many eager colourists, mostly working on large canvases and sounding their joyful but discordant trumpet-calls at rather too close quarters, may, it's true, induce curmudgeonly feelings in the visitor; but the intention is certainly celebratory and perhaps inevitably so, given the use of pure colour, the scale and the sort of gesture required to justify it.

The work of the new figurative expressionists — though it can be as brightly coloured and on as large a scale — almost always has something disturbing, even sinister about it. In distorting or fragmenting recognisable objects and especially human figures, it introduces an element of meaning or symbolism which is not purely aesthetic. The plot thickens. The mystery takes on moral, historical, psychological, even political overtones and cannot be resolved in aesthetic feelings alone. The analogy is perhaps with poetry rather than music.

A painting such as Andrzej Jackowski's *The Fir Tree,* at the Anne Berthoud Gallery, is quite as self-consciously *painted* and gestural as any at the Warwick Arts Trust, but the presence of the fir tree in the left foreground and, still more, of the nude woman lying at the foot of it, pose questions which no amount of looking at and responding to the painting can satisfactorily answer. The experience offered by the Warwick expressionists is complete in itself; this is broken off. For that reason — quite apart from the vulnerability of the sleeping nude, the scratchiness of the fir tree and the melodramatic, almost sepia light investing the whole scene — the viewer is left hanging; just as the protagonist is in another Jackowski painting, *Diving into the Wreck,* where the head and shoulders of a man appear out of a reed-fringed, foaming sea, his fingers grasping the end of an open boat. Yet the boat itself (a sort of tent shape standing up in the foreground if you choose to ignore the deliberately crude perspective), the long horizontal breaker behind (or drawn across the top of the canvas) and the splodges of paint on the surface of the sea only just stop short of being abstract motifs.

Jackowski's paintings lose some of their enigmatic power when he leaves out the human figure and concentrates solely on objects and settings, but next door at the Paton Gallery is an artist — Chris Baker — whose paintings (barely using colour at all) suggest the mystery of objects and places while remaining wholly abstract. Textures, atmospheres, openings and edges are his stock-in-trade and it is he — more than the overtly figurative Jackowski — who makes the loud jollifications at the Warwick seem a little too simple and innocent. If their mould is broken and their time gone, it is not really because a fresh generation has brought back the figure and the recognisable object, but because those figures and objects are one way of introducing shades and complexities of feeling not dreamt of in their philosophy. Painting is no more divorced from changes of mood and outlook in the world at large than music and poetry are. Baker and Jackowski (who have so little obviously in common) are both, in their quite different styles, topical and imaginatively stirring. The artists at the Warwick share a form of expression which is in danger of dwindling to little more than a pleasant feeling. □

THEATRE
Susan Todd

Ten years on

Romeo and Juliet
SHAKESPEARE *The Other Place*
Candy Kisses
JOHN BYRNE *Bush*

Ten years ago an original direction for the RSC was suggested in the work inaugurated by Buzz Goodbody. There were in particular two productions of Shakespeare on a small scale with slim resources, both of great intensity and depth. Buzz died in 1975: the RSC continued policies similar to hers at The Other Place, making use especially of the small-scale classic, of which **Romeo and Juliet**, recently toured, is the latest.

Buzz was a good friend to me: a close colleague and a female ally. On this anniversary I missed her. What I mourned also on Tuesday was the absence of a very special balance. Theatrical experiment linked with a coherent ideology gave Buzz's work as a director breadth and distinction. Perhaps that particular balance was the product of an era which imparted a relatively enduring faith in the human capacity to bring about enormous political change.

Buzz was passionately convinced of the value of her experiments with Shakespeare. She trusted that, if brought into the most testingly intimate relation with the play, an audience could not fail to learn, and grow, through the experience. It is axiomatic to a socialist view of art that theatre can politically change anyone who can be reached, by altering their consciousness of the meaning of an event, a fact, a personal action. It is equally axiomatic to conservatism that art has nothing to do with politics. It is the cherry on the cultural cake, for anyone who can pay for it.

It has become hard in the Thatcherite Eighties to hold the bond between theatre and the world in our hearts. Perhaps this difficulty accounts for a certain view current in some classical work that directors and actors just 'respond to the text' — as if we were sea-anemones exquisitely reacting to stimulus. I question the value of such a minimalist enterprise. Those who make theatre, including directors, have the same responsibility as other intellectuals (even in an anti-intellectual society) to make clear, public and accessible connections between ideas and actions, theories and practices, in social relations. Buzz Goodbody, often to her cost in the critical world in which she operated, didn't evade the challenge of developing a strong personal commitment to connections made, a desire to transmit discoveries which created in performance a powerful, authentic group pressure from stage to audience. She was a feminist, a Marxist, a Communist and a liberationist: none of these limited her vision and she was one of the few directors with a public presence in whom ideas about the world, politics and theatre fed and nourished each other creatively. Buzz worked within the classical repertoire, to which she was committed, as a political radical. Good theatrical ideas are not, of course, the sole property of radicals: but chances are that a radical will be compelled to subject every idea to very selective scrutiny.

It is precisely an arbitrary introduction of ideas which mystifies meaning in John Caird's production of *Romeo and Juliet*. Nothing in the production illumines, for instance, the decision to use music and imagery associated with early Christianity — though in fairness the same could be said of the lush romantic colouring in *Henry V* or the 18th-century air of *Measure for Measure*. These devices seem a form of tired theatrical eclecticism, which picks any mode from an expensive stylistic rag-bag: all are equally attractive, equally uninformed with meaning. Certainly this *Romeo and Juliet* lacks any compulsion. This want of control and conviction is reflected in the loose and uncertain pacing of the production, which mutes rather than meets head-on the dramatic force of the play's construction.

I can't like the extreme girlishness of Amanda Root's Juliet; as a woman, I would hope to see the character represented as more changeable, much deeper, less easily pleasing. Both she and Simon Templeman as Romeo fail to steer us through the deeps of passionate erotic attraction, possession and loss. There is great tenderness in other, surprising, places though. Polly James's Nurse, slightly melancholy and very comic, gives a lot of love and dignity to the scenes between women; Roger Allam's Mercutio moves by his love for Romeo and loss of him. George Raistrick and Frank Middlemass, as Capulet and Friar, shade with care the nuances of envy, love and perplexity between generations

John Byrne's latest play creates a breath-takingly deft plot around the extremities of individual obsession. His strength lies in a comic vision that draws as much on work and politics as on love and sex and winds them together in a mechanically brilliant play without loss of humanity. Wonderful confusion is set in train by the accidental progress of an ancient handgun around the inhabitants of a *pensione* in Perugia in 1963. The characters include a pair of would-be hard men, one determined on successful assassination as a step to becoming Area Commander for the local reds. There is a *professore* devoted to teaching ecclesiastical woodwork and equally to the memory of Mussolini, a German picture restorer quietly uncovering a Perugino and an American hopelessly obsessed with when and whether her lover will phone. The events include an exploding madonna.

Candy Kisses is very funny and very good, not least because of the writer's feeling for language which allows him to make comic capital out of how this group, each set in their own speech idiom, continually miss, mystify and confuse one another. He also has a very special ability to make us notice, even in the framework of farce, how much people's work, or what they aim for, matters to them. Robin Lefevre directs with knife-edge precision and the cast inhabit Byrne's own witty set as if they'd lived there for months. □

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JAZZ
Charles Fox

Takes all sorts

Louis Armstrong: A Biography
JAMES LINCOLN COLLIER *Michael Joseph* £12.95
Close Enough for Jazz
MICHAEL ZWERIN *Quartet* £9.95
Stomp Off, Let's Go! The Story of Bob Crosby's Bob Cats and Big Band
JOHN CHILTON *Jazz Book Service, PO Box 278, London WC1N 3RD* £6.75
Jazz Masters
Spellmount £3.95 each

Paradox inhabits jazz the way mites used to roam around cheeses. Louis Armstrong's latest biographer suggests that his hero — the only attested genius within the music, apart from Charlie Parker — could not help playing jazz, yet was not especially interested in it. Michael Zwerin, on the other hand, has spent much of his life doing other things — being president of a steel corporation, writing for *The Village Voice* — yet continually yearns for the bliss that comes from living the jazz life, however awful it may seem at the time. Bob Crosby led one of the most zestful of all big swing bands, but only because he was elected to the task. At the beginning he did not even know how to beat the musicians in.

The point Collier makes about Armstrong, of course, is that his primary urge was to be a musician. Jazz was the music with which he happened to coincide. Which made it all the easier when, later on, he moved far away from the improvising disciplines of New Orleans jazz, consorting with Hawaiian bands, singing alongside Barbra Streisand, cultivating the avuncular growling that made hits out of 'Hello, Dolly' and 'What a Wonderful World'. These brought the applause Armstrong enjoyed — and without any sense of guilt because he was no longer creating masterpieces such as 'West End Blues' or 'Knockin' a Jug' or 'Sweethearts on Parade'. He was, in fact, always slightly confounded that his admirers should stay so embedded in the past.

It is on that earlier period that Collier expends most of his zeal, analysing the qualities that made the original Hot Five and Hot Seven recordings so special. As a consequence he is inclined to dismiss the less exalted achievements of the 1940s and 1950s. Similarly, Collier puts forward psychological explanations for Armstrong's behaviour, seeing his dependence on strong, sometimes brutal white managers as a consequence of not having a father in the background, yet he outlines his career with a surprising lack of vividness (one misses, for a start, those letters which Armstrong was fond of despatching to anyone who wrote to him, all of them ending up 'Red beans and ricely yours').

If Collier's book, nevertheless, ventures into such fascinating byroads as the ethics of pimping, Zwerin's is packed with first-hand reportage of the way musicians behave. Sometimes the humour can turn gruesome, as in recounting the final years of Claude Thornhill, once leader of the most felicitously sensual of all the so-called swing bands, but by then 'a small, shrunken man with a W. C. Fields nose' and quite a few of Fields's habits. Zwerin blew his trombone in that band, afterwards went on the road with Maynard Ferguson, then became the token honky in the otherwise all-black group that Earl Hines took to the Soviet Union. He still plays today — most lyrically too — in Paris, where he lives, but earns his bread and butter by the kind of witty journalism that makes up this book. There is the saga of growing up ('Bebop was the first real secret I had from my parents'), little essays about Archie Shepp and Chet Baker ('He always plays seated, folded into a question-mark'), Jaco Pastorius and John Cage, accounts of visits paid to India and Poland, even a recollection of Victor, owner of the first water-bed to reach Paris, host to the Living Theatre, an equivocal exile.

John Chilton doubles playing the trumpet behind George Melly with being one of the most diligent of jazz historians. He relates in a plain, straightforward way (mind you, a few semi-colons would have helped) how a group of discontented musicians formed a co-operative band and hired Bing's younger brother to sing and act as front man. Most of the players came from New Orleans and plumped for an orchestral equivalent of Dixieland. Characters abound, many of them boozy, from Sterling Bose, once described by Pee Wee Russell (on the diminutive side himself) as 'weighing less than a sparrow', to the bulky clarinettist Irving Fazola, a notorious perspirer on the bandstand, who would contemplate his sweat-soaked shirt and complain: 'Man, look at all that good gin going to waste'. But in an area of endeavour where cynicism surfaces easily, the Bob Crosby band — at the beginning, anyway — stuck to their ideals, playing only the kind of music they wanted to.

Not all jazz lives end happily. The first batch of *Jazz Masters,* a series of monographs aimed at inquisitive newcomers, includes two — those about Billie Holiday and Charlie Parker — in which squalor and brilliance co-exist. Brian Priestley's account of Parker's career is splendidly compact, the biography flanked by what seems to be a flawless discography and useful theorising about what the saxophonist was up to. The man, of course, remains an enigma, as all geniuses do, even the outwardly gregarious Louis Armstrong. Perhaps, like the salesman's dream, that aloofness goes with the territory.

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FILMS
Francis Wheen

Iron pyrites

The Gold Diggers
National Film Theatre
The Mission (PG)
Academy Three
The Dead Zone (18)
ABC; Classic
Harry & Son (15)
Odeon, Haymarket
The Trouble With Harry (PG)
Classic, Chelsea; Plaza; Screen on the Hill

Sally Potter says that her film **The Gold Diggers** endeavours to ask questions about 'the connections between gold, money and women'. Fair enough; but when the film ended I was still wondering when the questions were going to be asked. During the film, I often thought of Nicolas Roeg's *Eureka*; partly because *Eureka*, like *The Gold Diggers*, is studded with images of gold and money, snow and ice; but also because Sally Potter, like Roeg, seems to imagine that you establish connections simply by the very act of dumping an image of gold after an image of snow — or of women, as the case may be.

Some of the juxtapositions are embarrassingly galumphing. At one point Julie Christie, dolled up like the White Queen from *Alice*, is carried shoulder high by a group of identically-suited men; ahead of them, dozens of gold bars are carried shoulder high by another group of men. Gold and women — geddit?

It is perhaps a measure of the film's failure to address itself to the questions it promises to ask that Sally Potter and her cohorts have found it necessary to surround the movie with such an enormous amount of explanation and 'contextualisation' — an attempt to provide some of the depth and thoughtfulness which the film itself lacks. Hence the NFT is running a season of no fewer than 22 films chosen by Sally Potter herself, films which (she says) either 'influenced the making of *The Gold Diggers* or deal with similar themes in different ways and therefore create an interesting tension in juxtaposition'. These films include works by Charlie Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, Eisenstein, Hitchcock, Dorothy Arzner, David Lean, Ingmar Bergman, Orson Welles . . . you name 'em, they're there.

Sally Potter has also written copious notes elaborating on her intentions. These are mostly to do with drawing parallels (another Roeg *trait*) between the circulation of money and the circulation of images, between a frozen landscape and a dancer who 'freezes', between 'the actual search for gold and the inner search for gold'.

And what do we get? The two main performers are Julie Christie (representing woman as screen goddess) and Colette Lafont (representing invisible woman — a point emphasised, as Sally Potter says, by the fact that she is black). There is no conventional plot as such; rather, a number of sequences and images. To take a more or less random example: we see some gold-diggers (men) trudging across a snow-bound landscape in Iceland; cut to Julie Christie kneeling on the floor of a bare room, wearing her ball gown; cut to the snowscape, where the gold-diggers have disappeared; cut to Julie Christie standing up in the room; cut to the snow, where the gold-diggers have reappeared. There are some long, lingering shots of Icelandic landscape, accompanied by a repetitive piano score. For the first time in ages, somebody speaks. It is Julie Christie: 'I search for the secret of transformations — the breath, the fire. I search for the secret of my own transformation.' And so it goes on.

The film suffers from a terminal case of symbolism run wild. The women played by Julie Christie and Colette Lafont are apparently called Ruby and Celeste. This, Sally Potter tells us in the *Monthly Film Bulletin*, is because they are the 'celestial ruby' of alchemy. The final shot of the film shows them both swimming in water. Why? Sally Potter again: 'Having seen earth, air and fire, we had to have water as the final element.' Very neat; and, I'm afraid, meaningless.

PARVIZ SAYYAD seems to be going for an all-comers' record: he wrote, produced, directed, edited and starred in **The Mission**, a low-budget but highly impressive film about an Iranian assassin sent to New York to rub out a former SAVAK Colonel living in exile. Actually he's sent to rub out someone else, but that someone else is dead already so he is given the Colonel (played by Sayyad) as a replacement. The trouble starts when the assassin (a beautifully expressionless and awkward Houshang Touzie) accidentally meets his enemy and is invited to dinner. The ensuing argument and tension, as another critic has pointed out, are like those between Hugo and Hoederer in *Les Mains Sales*, with the target cheerfully confident and the assassin increasingly unsure of both himself and the justice of his mission. 'It is not clear who is the hunter and who is the prey,' the hit-man muses; he learns the answer soon enough. *The Mission* is humane, thoughtful and surprisingly comic. It suggests that Sayyad is fit to join the ranks of great directors-in-exile, though probably more of a Costa-Gavras than a Yilmaz Guney.

No one could ever accuse David Cronenberg of being a great director; indeed, anyone who saw his last feature, the ineffable *Videodrome*, must wonder whether he ought to be allowed near a camera at all. Admittedly, the Stephen King story on which **The Dead Zone** is based is (according to Those Who Know) not one of his finest; even so, the film could have been much more elegantly scary than it is. Christopher Walken comes out of a five-year coma to find himelf blessed — or cursed, according to taste — with second sight. Martin Sheen is a nasty piece of work who is running for the Senate but who confides that 'I have had a vision that I am going to be President of the United States one day'. Walken's had that vision too, and he doesn't like what he sees, so he makes sure it doesn't come true. Since the TV *Kennedy*, Martin Sheen seems to have cornered the market in dangerous politicos; how long before he's given the title role in *Reagan*?

Harry & Son is co-produced, co-written and directed by Paul Newman; oh, and he stars in it as well. (Heard this before somewhere?) I yield to no one in my admiration for Paul Newman, but this is one of those ghastly, lachrymose father-and-son affairs which the Americans seem to like so much. There's plenty of man-boy back-slapping and embracing, accompanied by lines like 'I love you, you sonofabitch'. (Cue for tears all round.) To make matters worse, Newman has himself inexplicably killed off at the end.

The Trouble With Harry (no relation — what is all this Harry business? The man in *Loose Connections* was called Harry) is something of a curio — the nearest Hitchcock came to making an Ealing comedy. An amiable romp, but not black enough to be called a black comedy; the gorgeous autumnal colours see to that. □

John Coleman will be back next week.

TELEVISION
Hugo Williams

Morte-fied

GILLIAN LYNNE apparently presented two hour-and-a-half treatments of **The Morte d'Arthur** (BBC-2) to the Head of Drama at Pebble Mill: one of John Barton reading it, the other of John Barton reading it while actors mimed the action. To a Head of Drama who likes his job, this was no choice. But I think he made the wrong one. I'm sure the clichés 'keep it visual' and 'show, don't tell' plague TV producers the way they do creative writing courses, but these deeds really are too large for the small screen, these images too internal to be fixed by familiar-faced actors looming through dry ice, albeit mutely. Perhaps we should be grateful they don't sing the stuff to music by Janacek with insights by Freud. Can't you hear it?

We should have smelt a rat in the welter of lenient value judgments heaped upon the project by the *Radio Times*. The sets, the lighting and the costumes were said to be 'staggeringly beautiful', the production 'a brilliant way of dramatising a masterpiece'. As for the director, 'Gillian Lynne is an event,' said Jeremy Brett, whose face, for Gillian, had 'just the right kind of nobility and gentleness', while Nicholas Grace played Mordred 'with graceful power, sinister visage and malevolent eyes' and John Barton's 'tremendous performance bound the whole production together'. As filming proceeded, 'the whole studio held its breath'. It could hardly do otherwise. In reality, the skimpy, hybrid production was so busy creating and solving its own problems in miniature that you lost sight of the wider horizons completely.

I had no idea the story was so steamy. It opens with a bang. A group of knights catches Lancelot in Guinevere's bedroom. He panics.

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'Is there any armour in your chamber?' he asks. She hasn't got any, so he opens the door ajar and kills them one by one as they squeeze through, all except Mordred, the King's son by his own half-sister. It's a bit Chaplinesque, this sequence, but dignity is soon restored. 'The king will love me the less for this night's deeds,' thinks Lancelot. 'Bliss in the world is a seldom thing,' says the Queen. Meanwhile, Mordred has 'played the lurker' and sneaked to Arthur, who sums up the situation: 'Thou has slain my good knights and lain by my Queen'. He does the only sensible thing and leads her forth to be 'brent'. This is Lancelot's big sequence, but his swashbuckling, Hollywood-style rescue bid seems to clash disastrously with the flat, balletic staginess of the burning scene; unless, perhaps, he is supposed to be Modern Man bursting upon the antique world to free it from its yoke?

I can't say all this strenuous wage-justifying on the studio floor put me off the book. It sounded so modern, as people say when they find they can read the classics; post-modern, even, whatever that is. The author talks a lot about 'this book', which he says he copied out of other books while in prison for all manner of wickedness, of which stealing cattle, breaking into an abbey, rape and murder were all I had time to copy down — crimes which we feel Malory feels would have assumed their proper scale in the epic world of the Round Table. The last words of the book are obviously written, and certainly spoken by Barton, with heavy and sad irony: 'Thomas Malory, Knight.'

A more mundane triangle was the scarecrow of a plot up the puritanical backside of **79 Park Avenue** (ITV). Playing opposite the beautiful girl forced to become a tart we have the rich shit whose father's in the mafia and the nice, handsome war hero turned successful lawyer whose job is to clean up the operation run by the other one. It's as if there's no one else in the world: the definition of true porn as well as true love.

Mike, the goody, is one of those people you never meet who wants his beautiful, worldly girlfriend to be a virgin when they get married: 'I want that side of it to be the first time for both of us,' he simpers, 'I want that to be something private, something the world can't touch, know what I mean?' We know what he means all right. The speech is a standard rape-indicator in Robbins. It means the girl has to kiss her virginity-fancying boyfriend goodnight and go indoors to get raped by her drunken randy stepfather while her mother is away in hospital.

You have to understand that rape is the theme of the bestseller format in the way that murder is the theme of the whodunnit. They're about women being held still by fate while horrible things are done to them by men and they can't change things because of their sick mother and kid brother, as here. In *79 Park Avenue* the narrative skills, direction and acting come alive round the rape as if everyone has caught the whiff of bankability.

It is porn for those who don't know how to get hold of the other stuff. Unlike decent porn, there is no humour, surprise or sex in it. What is provided for our libidos to champ on is the thought of a nice (beautiful) girl having so many misfortunes piled on her that we can watch her becoming a prostitute without having our excitement in any way diminished by the suspicion that she was that sort of girl anyway. She stabs her stepfather, goes to prison and is taught how to strip by another inmate who is on the game. She finally surrenders to Harold Robbins, the plot, Men, Fate and the bestseller lists and goes to work for the film's title, a famous brothel the baddy's mafia father is currently leaning on. You've seen it? Wait. The goody turns up and there is much sad eye-play as she contemplates her blown virginity and happiness. The goody runs off and the baddy turns up and marries her now that she's no better than he is. Just as she realises she really loves the baddy (because they're married) he's shot by the mafia. But in the last reel she realises she really loves the goody and they get together in a dramatic courtroom finale. This was word-processor fiction, the only innovation being they don't smoke any more. I *demand* to know why not. □

Among this week's contributors:

PAUL BINDING's first novel *Harmonica's Bridegroom* will be published by Aiden Ellis at the end of this month.

SUSAN TODD is a freelance theatre director and writer.

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ALL WELCOME

Literary

STANLEY WEINTRAUB on 'Dubliners Apart — The Friendly Rivalry of Shaw and Yeats'. Shaw Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1. Fri 18 May, Coffee 6.30pm, meeting 7pm.

Poetry

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FIRST PERSON

Anne Smith

On knowing Greek

IN HER FIRST 'First Person' Alison Hennegan said that she had been told it was '"élitist" to know classical Greek'. This rings a bell. I was once criticised by the professionally-radical-seeming henchman of a potential backer of the *Literary Review* for making it 'an élitist magazine'. Stunned — for academics had complained of its populism — I demanded a definition of the term, and was rewarded with a vague treatise on the need to review popular books in a populist way. 'A sort of literary *Cosmopolitan*' was how he summed up his prescription for success.

I didn't know *Cosmopolitan* then. I'd seen it on the newsstands, but ignored it as yet another women's magazine. In my adolescence I'd been the victim of women's magazines. My older sister regarded me as a heaven-sent guineapig upon whom to test their many and bizarre home beauty hints, and it is no joke for an introverted, intellectual teenager to have to appear at school with her hair clapped into her scalp ('Olive Oil for Dry Hair' — my sister had dry hair) and one layer of skin missing from her face ('witch-hazel, Fuller's Earth and lemon juice for that schoolgirl complexion'). There were days, I can tell you, when I was the cynosure of all eyes. And for those who took the science option, let me explain that 'cynosure' comes from the Greek and originally meant 'the dog's tail'. Personally, I felt more like a horse's arse.

Long before feminism was even a twinkle in Germaine Greer's eye, I was a feminist. My natural inclinations were reinforced to the *nth* power when I was made to leave school at 15, because I was a lassie, and take a job. I worked as a dental nurse and was bitterly resentful at being sent to the back kitchen to scrub their overalls while the rude mechanics (dental mechanics, that is, and very rude) discussed world affairs, in which even then I took a keen, unfeminine interest. A friend points out to me that the *NS* back pages may well be the liberal equivalent of the dentist's back kitchen, but I quickly retort that I follow in the footsteps of John McVicar, a man and an ex-criminal, so that's OK.

Anyway, as a good Greek scholar, I know what élite means without having recourse to a dictionary — probably an élitist activity in itself. I need one for 'élitism' though. *Chambers* tells me that it means 'government by an élite: consciousness of belonging to an élite' and 'élitist' is the adjective from that. But how either applied to me, drowsing over my Greek verbs by the gas-cylinders in the surgery between patients, is anyone's guess.

I wanted to learn Greek, not so that I could belong to an élite but because I had a passion for language, literature and philosophy. I expected that when the socialist millennium came those of us who wanted to learn Greek after we'd done our stint behind the plough would not only be free, but positively encouraged to do so. Now it seems that socialists have other plans. Am I wrong, or when Mr Kinnock comes to power shall we all have to be beer-swilling pigeon fanciers or nothing?

Let me be clear about this. I hated high school from the very first day, when the Rector came into my 'A' class and told us, 'You are the five per cent of the five per cent: the crème de la crème', and the music teacher, having strapped me for pretending that my tennis racket was a guitar, sat down at the piano and tried to raise the cultural level with the rendition, in a nervous tenor, of a weedy song about dandelions. From then, through two degrees, till now, I have strenuously resisted becoming a member of an educated élite. My education did not cut me off from my working-class roots. *I* didn't go into the ladies' lav. in Edinburgh University one day and come out speaking Standard English. I can still pass as a native in the Denbeath Miners' Welfare Institute.

I fought to learn that Greek and all the rest, and I defend it now with the same passion that it took to acquire it in the first place. I suggest that the reason radicals knock it is that they are too lazy to do the necessary work to strip learning and culture of their class associations. Their attack is a betrayal of the fundamental socialist belief in the intelligence of the working classes and, incidentally, an insult to the fine Scottish tradition of democracy in education. It is reverse-élitism, on a par with reverse snobbery. Probably invented by the new élite, sociologists. But who profits from the brutalisation of the working classes? Who sells the *Sun* and the Space Invaders and the bingo cards?

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2821 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Since Hilaire Belloc has been in the news lately, let's have fresh Cautionary Tales, please — about H.B. himself or any other deceased author. Max. 16 lines, by 25 May.

No 2818 **Set by Mercy Dash**

Famous first words.

Report **By Len the Unlucky**

The Complex is a drear and dangerous place this week. *She* issues from her room only to fire off salvoes of instructions that have zilch to do with the matter which ought to be in hand. PC 49 has gone off on some hush-hush errand (so much for open government). The entire load of real work has, natch, been left to yours truly again. And it's all Jeff Squiffy's fault. First, he goes off on some so-called sabbatical (would you believe *Susan Sontag as Metaphor?*). Then, he fails to re-appear when expected. Finally, he sends a communication to Herself to the effect that Freedom with Penury is preferable to Servitude with Certain Persons, i.e. he won't be back.

The atmosphere here quite blights the pleasure I could have been taking in your really rather good first words. Not to mention the fact that I'm worn out from having first to feed into the shredder all echoes of the 1969 (*not* 1968, Ms Dash) version and all variants on those popular themes 'Rejoice!', 'I want to stand on my own feet', 'Dr Livingstone, I presume' and 'One out, all out'. One said it, nearly all said it. The end result: a quid per printed quip.

URIAH HEEP. I can't wait to start crawling.
DRACULA. But the teeth, the teeth — when do I get the teeth?

KEN RUDGE

JOHN MCENROE. Forceps? Jesus! You cannot be serious!

PETER NORMAN

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE. Roll on the next 80 years.
JAMES JOYCE. Earwigo.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

NEIL KINNOCK. Labour's behind me.
MENDEL. I need a pee.
CECIL PARKINSON. Which of you ladies would like to hold me first?

MARGARET ROGERS

SIR ROBIN DAY. Mummy, Daddy, thank you for joining me.

GERRY HAMILL

BOYCOTT. That's the last time they get me out for nothing.
PINTER. (Pause)

N.J. WARBURTON

ETHELRED THE UNREADY. No, honestly, I'm just fine in here.

PETER VEALE

GODOT. Have you been waiting long?

MARK AMBROSE

MARIE STOPES. Just sheer bloody irresponsibility.
EVELYN WAUGH. How dare you madam!

A.G.D. MCEVOY

NIGEL LAWSON. Cut!

VICTORIA PLUMB

BUDDHA. Here we go again

BRIAN RUTH

MRS T. There's no turning back.

G. HORTON

MALCOLM LOWRY. Milk? You're kidding!

GEORGE MOOR

PRINCE WILLIAM. That was an heir-raising experience.
JOAN RIVERS. Oh no, *please*, this woman is like a *walrus*!
JONATHAN MILLER. Now if you can imagine what it feels like to be inside a toothpaste tube when someone squeezes . . .
JULIE WALTERS. This is just like really *fantastic*, I *mean*, I never *expected* it's be like *this*, *y'know* . . .
WOODY ALLEN. What is this? I open my eyes and I'm on an operating table already.
HARPO MARX. This is my last word on the subject.

WILL BELLENGER

NEIL KINNOCK. I'll stay in my pram.

GERDA MAYER

PAUL SIMON. Goodbye darkness, my old friend.

LYNN ROBERTS

CAMUS. Is this it?

NOEL PETTY

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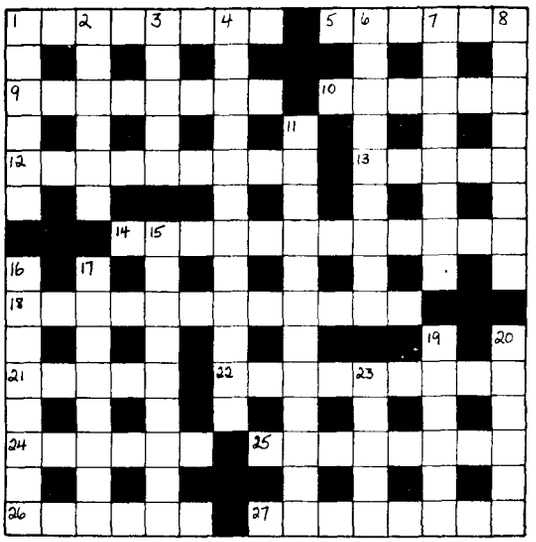
Weekend Crossword 1439

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1439, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 22 May.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

Note: see p.21 for solution & prizewinners to 1437.

ACROSS

1 Unpleasant people sat about among the poets (8)
5 Panic of a king in night (6)
9 Place given to an artful class act (8)
10 Related to a rich man who has lost his head (6)
12 Kind of day that is muddled through (9)
13 Even if penniless, the landowner would still have his home (5)
14 Disturbed in make-believe, it tells what is happening now (7,5)
18 Make a plant home as a means of celebrating the wedding (12)
21 Collect for a service (5)
22 A bringer of vengeance, finally I taste most of the sweet thing (9)
24 Something sharp in what pinches me (6)
25 Change of scene with a man appearing in it for the money (8)
26 Optical illusion which makes one get angry on the motorway (6)
27 Plant helps do a turn (8)

DOWN

1 Food for the goat? (6)
2 Plant put quietly into a great wave (6)
3 Concerned with an objection about nothing (5)
4 Sad record being played after it is time for bed? (12)
6 Beneath the river I disappear, hired out to an operatic hero (9)
7 Slope where general is about to pass away (8)
8 One of these devices has altered (8)
11 They are good at checking when the old lady has rests disturbed (12)
15 Making something new with old materials, he has disintegrated in the arena (9)
16 Angels in the London area on strike over a man (8)
17 Heavy defeat as a result of changes in star side (8)
19 Wandered with me in the street (6)
20 Craft which is overturned in these hapless events (6)
23 Something black for the ground (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1438

P	U	C	K	E	R				I	T	C	H	E	N
O		O		P		F		U		A		E		U
C	R	O	W	S		E	N	N	O	B	L	I	N	G
K		P		T		S		D		L		G		E
E	L	E	M	E	N	T		E	R	E	W	H	O	N
T		R		I		I		C		A				T
	C	A	R	N	I	V	A	L	Q	U	E	E	N	
		T				E		A				X		
	S	E	Q	U	E	S	T	R	A	T	I	O	N	
P				N		E		E		I		N		S
R	E	B	E	C	C	A		D	E	E	P	E	S	T
I		E		L		S		W		P		R		A
M	I	N	N	E	S	O	T	A		O	R	A	N	T
E		I		A		N		R		L		T		E
D	I	N	I	N	G				C	O	V	E	R	S

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PRIMROSE HILL/REGENTS PARK. Pretty 1840s terraced house to let first three weeks August 1984. Sleeps 4-8. C.h., washing machine, TV/video, 2 bathrooms, patio, 10 mins West End, Zoo, parks on doorstep. References essential. Rent negotiable. Contact: Newman, 19 Chalcot Rd, NW1. 01-722 1984.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ELECTRONICS/INSTRUMENTATION scientist, (32) seeks challenging post, UK or overseas. Experience in environmental & medical monitoring; computer interfacing & simulation. Tel. 0222 44211 ext. 7058.

YOUNG PARLIAMENTARY Assistant to Labour MP is starting part-time M.Sc. in Economics in September, seeks to combine with suitable part-time (up to 4 days) employment. Excellent references. Box 8266.

CONFERENCES

'The Italian Communist Party and the Left in Europe'
A Conference with the participation of
GIORGIO NAPOLITANO
member of the **PCI Central Committee** and **leader of Italian Communist Deputies**
SUNDAY **13 May 1984 11 a.m.**
Italian Cultural Institute, 39 Belgrave Sq., London SW1.
Entry free – All welcome
(Proceedings in Italian)

CSE – SOCIALIST SOCIETY WOMEN'S CONFERENCE
SOME ISSUES FOR SOCIALIST FEMINISTS IN THE '80s
Themes: The Family, Sexuality, Feminism and Racism, Peace, Employment.
19-20 May at Kingsway Princeton College, London WC1.
Cost £3 unwaged, £6 waged
Details from **CSE, 25 Horsell Road, London N5. Tel: 01-607 9615.**
Women Only

FINANCIAL

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd. 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

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APPOINTMENTS

New Statesman

JOURNALIST

We are looking for a journalist with experience of commissioning and editing. Initially the prime responsibility would be to develop the **New Statesman**'s three news pages, but there would be ample opportunity to write as well.

Salary will depend on experience, but would be in the range **£8,500** to **£10,500.**

Please apply, sending a brief CV, to:

The Editor, New Statesman,
14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.

Closing date for applications: 18 May 1984.

Education Department
YOUTH AND COMMUNITY EDUCATION SERVICE
YOUTH SERVICE VACANCY

Outreach Worker

Applicants are invited from qualified youth and community workers or teachers with relevant experience for the above post at the Resource Centre for the Unemployed which is based at the Upton Centre in Plashet Road, London E13.

This is a daytime provision for the unemployed and the above post has been recently created by the Local Education Authority. It would be advantageous if applicants have had experience in working with young people from Asian and Afro-Caribbean backgrounds. Applicants must be committed to getting the best deal for unemployed young people and be fully committed to the aims of the Youth Service to combat racism and sexism in all its manifestations.

Salary Scale

JNC Scale 3, Points 1-5 — **£7,485-£8,415** plus London Weighting Allowance of **£987** per annum.

Application forms for the post and details of duties are obtainable from the Director of Education, Education Offices, The Broadway, Stratford, London E15 4BH. Telephone 01-534 4545 Ext. 5765 or 5588.

Closing date 25 May 1984.

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WAR ON WANT

The Campaign Against World Poverty urgently needs **volunteers** for fund-raising and publicity work at their London Office.
Please contact:
Sarah Mitchell, War on Want, 467 Caledonian Road, London N7 9BE.
Tel: (01) 609 0211.

OV SELECTION CATERS *for the more mature* person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Ab-ford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

Circle 33 is a community based Housing Association, working in 7 London Boroughs to provide housing for those in need, mainly by the rehabilitation of older houses. The Haringey and Waltham Forest Area Team, based in Tottenham, is looking for a Building/Finance Officer and a Maintenance Administrator.

Both post-holders will be expected to play a full part in an Area Team consisting of housing officers, administrators, maintenance and development staff working in a multi-racial area.

BUILDING/FINANCE OFFICER

The Building/Finance Officer will be responsible for administration of part of the building programme. The work includes making payments and claims, progressing properties through the development pipeline, and keeping financial records.

Experience of Housing Association development procedures would be an advantage but is not essential. Ability to work methodically and an interest in providing fair rented housing are important.

MAINTENANCE ADMINISTRATOR

The Maintenance Administrator will work with the 2 Maintenance Surveyors and the Maintenance Administrator.

The person appointed will receive maintenance requests from tenants and other sources, prepare works orders for contractors, cost returned invoices and keep an accurate record of related information. *Similar experience would be an advantage.*

Salary for both posts **£8,664 (under review)** for 35 hour week 9.30am-5.30pm. Non-contributory pension scheme. Closing date 18 May, 1984.

Application forms and further written information from Miranda Armantrading, Circle 33 Housing Trust Limited, 255 High Road, London N15 or 01-802 0961.

33

NCCL

has vacancies for two new members of staff:

1. **Womens Rights Officer** (22½ hours per week).
   Enthusiasm and interest in equal opportunities more important than formal qualifications. Salary — **£8,864** (pro rata). **Closing date — 31 May.**
2. **Field Officer** (full time).
   To take responsibility for the encouragement and servicing for members who are promoting the work of NCCL across the country. Administrative ability and enthusiasm for civil liberties essential. Salary — **£8,864. Closing date — 25 May.**

For details of both posts (please specify which you are interested in) write to **NCCL, 21 Tabard St, London SE1 4LA, enclosing large SAE.**

TRADES UNION CONGRESS

A full-time Regional Secretary is required for the TUC South East Regional Council. The region covers Greater London, Essex, Kent, Surrey, East and West Sussex, Hampshire, Isle of Wight, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire. The Regional Secretary will be responsible to the council and its executive committee for implementing regional trade union policies and to the TUC General Secretary.

The person appointed will also be responsible for the functioning and administration of the regional council and its executive committee and subcommittees; initiating and organising the activities of the council; liaising with the TUC nationally on all aspects of the work of the council and organising the representation of the regional council at trade union and other meetings.

The person appointed will need a wide knowledge of the trade union and labour movement and its affiliated unions, both nationally and locally, and proven administrative and representative ability. Trade Unionists with relevant experience are invited to write as soon as possible for an application form and further details to:

The General Secretary
Trades Union Congress
Congress House
Great Russell Street
London WC1B 3LS

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CAMDEN POLICING THE POLICE

An independent police monitoring group is looking for a full-time

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to help campaign for democratic police accountability. The work will involve monitoring local policing, giving support/advice to victims of racial harassment and police harassment and campaigning specifically around issues such as multi-agency policing, neighbourhood watch schemes and liaison/consultation with the police. Applicants should therefore be familiar with these issues and have experience of work with ethnic minority communities.

Typing and admin. skills useful. Salary **£9,345**, including London Weighting.

Further details and application form from: Camden Policing the Police, 213 Eversholt Street, London NW1. 01-387 2777. Closing date: 25 May.

STUDENTSHIPS

University of Warwick
DEPARTMENT OF SOCIOLOGY

ESRC Linked Studentship on The Division of Labour in Health Care in Public and Private Domains

Applications are invited for the above studentship, tenable for two years from **October 1984**, for candidates who wish to read for an M Phil. or Ph D.

The successful candidate will work with **Professor Margaret Stacey** on an aspect of the division of labour in health care in public and private domains on which she and a number of others have been working for some time, covering child health, the elderly, hospital nursing and including the patients' and the unpaid carers' input. The successful student's research may address any aspect of the health care division of labour in private or public domain or the interface between paid and unpaid health workers.

For further details and an application form, phone **0203 24011 ext. 2499, The Secretary for Graduate Studies, Department of Sociology, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL.** The closing date for applications is: **24 May 1984.**

University of Warwick
DEPARTMENT OF SOCIOLOGY

ERSC Linked Studentship on The Social Implications of Unemployment

Applications are invited for the above studentship, tenable for two years from **October 1984**, for candidates who wish to read for an MPhil. or PhD.

The successful candidate will work in conjunction with a research project, being conducted by **Dr D. Gallie, Dr I. Procter** and **Mr P. Ratcliffe** in collaboration with a French research team, on the social implications of unemployment in **Coventry** and **Rouen**. The project focusses upon work attitudes, family and community structure, ethnic relations and political culture. The student's research area will be related to these and based on research in the Coventry labour market.

For further details and an application form, phone **0203 24011 ext. 2499, The Secretary for Graduate Studies, Department of Sociology, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL.** The closing date for applications is **18 May 1984.**

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VISITING PROFESSIONAL couple, with baby, require 5 or 6 room furnished house/flat N. London, for one year beginning September. Proximity to Heath preferred. Write Ellen Ross, 890 West End Ave, Apt 15D, New York, NY10025, or call (US) 212-865-3891.

LISTINGS

FRI 11 MAY

LONDON British Premiere 'Chile, I don't take your name in vain'. Startling new film documentary on rapid rise of protest movement in Chile. Spkr. Judith Hart. 7.30pm Main auditorium, London Road site, South Bank Poly. Tickets £2.50/£1.50 unwaged/£2 students. **Org Chile Cttee for Human Rights 01-837 7561.**

HACKNEY Rally and Discn. in support of the miners. Spkr George Boulton, Vice-Pres. Scottish Miners. Adm. Free. 7.30pm Stoke Newington Community Centre, Leswin Rd, N16.

SAT 12 MAY

LONDON Irish Night Social, music, bar, food. 8pm Caxton Hs, 129 St Johns Way, N19. Adm. £1/50p unwaged. **Org Irish Solidarity Movement.**

LONDON Euro-Elections Day School org. by Hornsey & Wood Green Labour Party. 10am-5pm Brabant Rd TU & Community Centre, N22. Spkrs incl John Palmer, Anita Pollack, Ernie Large. Creche. Adm. free. **Details: 01-888 9500.**

LONDON 'Nuclear Power — the end in sight' 2-dy working conf. for all concerned about nuclear power. Spkrs incl Dr Colin Sweet, Jean Emery, Dr Peter Taylor. Queen Mary Hall, YWCA, Gt Russell St, WC1. **Bking/Details: Chris Church 0865 249344 South East Anti-Nuclear Network.**

CARDIFF 'Academic Freedom' Day School. Spkrs incl John Saville, Dafydd ELis Thomas MP. 10.30 am Students' Union, Park Place. **Org Campaign for Academic Freedom and Democracy/LLAFUR. Details: Neil Evans 0766 780767.**

LONDON 'Release Tommy Quigley' Picket Brixton Prison 1-3pm Jebb Ave, Brixton Hill, SW2. **Org S. London Irish Solidarity Cttee.**

MON 14 MAY

LONDON 'Mary Wollstonecraft and the Wild Wish of early Feminism'. Spkr Barbara Taylor author of 'Eve and the New Jerusalem'. History Workshop seminar, 7 for 7.30pm 'The Plough', Museum St, WC1.

ILFORD CND meeting with Jonathan Porritt, Ecology Party, Danny Powell, Energy Sub-cttee. 8pm Friend's Meeting House, corner Albert Rd/Cleveland Rd. **Details: Barbara Miller 01-590 8244.**

TUES 15 MAY

PORTSMOUTH 'Gay Rights and the Labour Movement'. Spkrs incl Terry Munyard, Peter Tatchell, Sally Thomas. 7.30pm Unity Hall, Arundel St. **Details: Labour Campaign for Gay Rights, 21 Devonshire Promenade, Lenton, Nottingham.**

WED 16 MAY

LONDON Lobby of Parliament by National Union of Students to protest against the abolition of student travel awards. **Details: NUS 01-272 8900 or local student union.**

TOWER HAMLETS 'Equality & Education' Spkr Tony Green (Inst. of Education). 7.30pm 178 Whitechapel Rd, E1. **Org Tower Hamlets Fabian Society.**

LONDON 'Reclaiming London for Socialism' Spkr John Palmer. 7pm 9 Poland St, W1. **Details: Theo Dennison, Socialist Soc. 01-692 4998.**

RICHMOND 'Labour in 1984' Spkr Eric Heffer 8pm Richmond Labour Party, 57 Church Rd, Richmond, Surrey. **01-940 7634.**

THURS 17 MAY

DEPTFORD 'Women in the Workplace' 10-wk rights-course starts at 6pm Refreshments/creche/transport home in Lewisham/no wheelchair access. Women & Employment Resource Centre, 179 Deptford High St. **Details: 01-691 3550.**

SAT 19 MAY

COVENTRY 'Movies against the Missiles' all-night film event. 10.30pm ABC Cinema, Precinct, ends 8am Sun. Tickets £2 in advance, cheques to 115 Aldbourne Rd. **Details: Andrew Coventry 26848 eve/0533 554464 x 32 day.**

SAT 20 MAY

LONDON Miners Strike Benefit, featuring The Darts, the Mint Juleps. 7pm The New Half Moon, Stepney Green, E2.

GREENHAM 'Greyheads for Greenham' — 'I will be 84 this spring, I wish to go to Greenham Common for my birthday' — All people over 60 welcome from 1pm-3pm at Orange Gate. Silent Vigil 2-2.30pm. **Details: Sue Cousins 075-537 338/Ruth Gillett 0272 622718.**

FORTHCOMING

20-26 MAY LEICESTER Nuclear-Free Festival. **Details: 0533-549922 x 6022.**

22 MAY LONDON 'Civil Disobedience' Spkrs Pat Arrowsmith, Jane Hickman, Paul Oestreicher 6.30pm The Freemasons Arms, 81 Long Acre, WC1. **Org Book Action for Nuclear Disarmament, Flat 2, 45 Trinity Rise, SW2.**

23 MAY ISLINGTON Fabian Society meeting with Stan Newens, Euro-candidate. 8pm Rm. 4 Town Hall, Upper St, N1. **Org Islington Fabian Soc, 140A Hemingford Rd, N1. 01-609 4142.**

27 MAY COVENTRY Conference on the illegality of Nuclear Weapons. 10am St Mary's Hall. Cost (incl lunch) £5/£2 unwaged. **Details: John Dewar, School of Law, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL. Coventry 24011 x 2119.**

26 MAY COVENTRY 'No Cruise No Pershing! No SS20s!' March & Rally. Assemble 11.30am Edgwick Park, Foleshill Rd/Hearsall Common, Hearsall Lane/Stoke Green, Binley Rd. Spkrs at Memorial Park incl Joan Ruddock, EP Thompson, Ron Todd, Alan Bleasdale. Evening rock concert. **Details: W. Midlands CND 021 632 6090.**

31 MAY 'Women and Food' Monitoring Day. **Details: Women's Monitoring Network, c/o AWP, Hungerford Hse, Victoria Embankment, WC2. 01-737 4336/01-274 6295.**

9 JUNE BIRMINGHAM Labour Party Black Sections, one-day conf. to discuss draft constitutions for black sections to represent all black people in Labour Party. 10.30am Digbeth Civic Hall. **Details: 39 Chippenham Rd, London, W9. 01-286 9692/221 7050.**

13 JUNE DARLINGTON 'Jobs not Bombs' meeting with Jimmy Knapp, Gen. Sec. NUR, Roland Boyes, MEP, Mick Elliott, CND. 7.30pm Dolphin Centre, Horsemarket. **Org Darlington Peace Action & Trades Council. 0325 465556.**

23 JUNE LONDON 'Gayness as God's Choice' Spkr Sheila Briggs. 2.15pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. **Org. Gay Christian Movement.**

23 JUNE LONDON '1984 — A Celebration of Women'. Review Our Past. Write Our Future, NCCL Women's Rights Conf. City University. Spkrs incl Dora Russell, Prathiba Parmer, Bea Campbell. **Send s.a.e. to NCCL, 21 Tabard St, SE1 4LA for info.**

1 JULY NOTTINGHAM Mass Trespass at Chilwell Ordnance Deport — 103rd US base. **Details: Reclaim Chilwell, c/o Nottingham CND, Environmental Factshop, 15 Goosegate, Nottingham NG1 1FE. 0602 581948.**

27-29 JULY NOTTINGHAM Shelter Annual Housing Conference University of Nottingham. **Details: Tim Mars, Shelter, 157 Waterloo Rd, SE1 8FX. 01-633 9377.**

12-14 SEPT BRADFORD 'Peace Studies in Higher Education' Conf. org. for those who wish to write/speak on their experience of Peace Studies teaching and research and those who wish to learn. **Contact: James O'Connell, School of Peace Studies, University of Bradford, W. Yorkshire. 0274 733455.**

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or write to her at:

The Registry, Faculty of the Social Sciences and Business Studies, PCL, 32-38 Wells Street, London W1P 3FG.

The Polytechnic of Central London

MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: S.A.E. for free pamphlets, book list, *Programme* of activities. Sunday 13 May 8 pm. Informal Q/A Meeting. 'The Bhagavad-Gita as Yoga'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. The First Stewartson Memorial Lecture by Professor F.T. Smith, 'D'Alembert's Paradox', Fri. 18 May at 4.30, Darwin Theatre. Admission Free. Without Ticket.

BOOKS

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

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ACTIVE, LEFT-WING socialist, science teacher, tall, wishes to meet attractive woman, about 45-55, interested in politics, music, theatre. London/Croydon area. Box 8283.

ACTIVE TEACHER (South East), 50s, invites lass share motoring/camping holiday July/August in Germany. Visit museums & Bayreuth; enjoy wines, take exercise. Please state interests; photo appreciated. Box 8288.

A GOOD & honest man, early 20s, seeks a wife, any area, age; looks unimportant. I'll marry anyone who asks me politely! Photo/phone number appreciated. Box 8269.

AN IMPULSIVE, intelligent, increasingly isolated woman, wonders whether some mellow, metropolitan, music-loving man, might motivate a metamorphosis? (55-60). 01-878 4749. P.S. I'm also attractive!

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ART COLLEGE LECTURER, 50s, intuitive, meditative, responsive, unencumbered, would like to share life with younger female friend. Box 8263.

ATTRACTIVE, AFFECTIONATE, non-smoking, professional woman lecturer, 40, seeks charming man friend for weekends, holidays, possible shared future abroad. East Anglia/London/North West/Midlands. Box 8303.

ATTRACTIVE, DIVORCED woman seeks friendship of caring, intelligent man, (45-55), interested in music, theatre, books, and generally enjoying life. South West area. Box 8286.

ATTRACTIVE LADY graduate, 40s, divorced, London based, interests include: theatre, cinema, music, opera, travel, countryside, would like to meet tall, successful, professional, non-smoking male, 40s or 50s (doctor, lawyer?), divorced or widowed. Box 8298.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL man (58), loves arts, seeks attractive, sensual non-smoking woman, slim/medium (any age to 53), any race/circumstances for warm friendship/enjoyments. Pref. London/surrounding areas. Box 8080.

CREATIVE MAN (40), solvent (just), needs similarly comfortably built, active woman (30-45), to share passion for music, theatre, conversation, wine, love, laughter. Sympathetic listener, likes children, stable relationships. London. Box 8282.

CRY FOR HELP. Male student, 24, emotionally upset seeks a loving, caring, understanding female, who can help me overcome my distressing emotional problems. Box 8268.

CULTURED GAY WOMAN, 42, very good looking, Central London, seeks cultured woman, 40 to 65, literary, artistic, musical interests. Tel. No. please. Box 8243.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

EDINBURGH AREA. 37 year-old female socialist, active Trades Unionist, seeks male, age unimportant, for occasional fun and relaxation. Photo preferred. Box 8296.

HELP! SOLVENT widow, happy nature, affectionate, Arts orientated, non-smoker, wishes to meet similar gentleman, aged 55-70, for companionship and shared interests, possibly to consider marriage. Now living NW London. Box 8291.

LADY, EARLY fifties, considerate, affectionate, fond of own home SW London, seeks meet gentle, intelligent, creative friend, about own age, also London. Please write Box 8222.

LECTURER, SINGLE, late 30s, humorous, dependable, seeks intelligent, warm, lively woman, to share life and interests in music, books and travel. London/Midlands. Box 8206.

LONDON, INDEPENDENT, lively-minded woman, 37, interested theatre, cinema, music, seeks caring, non-sexist, non-smoking man, 35-40, for outings, companionship. Box 8299.

LONDON TEACHER, approaching 40, interests music and cinema, seeks relationship with left-wing female, in thirties or forties, any race. Box 8225.

LONELY, ATTRACTIVE, intelligent, faithful wife, 45, good listener/talker, wide interests, seeks non-smoking m/f. car owner, for shared expense outings. Preferably North. Box 8261.

M. & F. JEWISH Introduction Agency, Highgate, for friendship/marriage. Executive and Professional. Tel. 01-340 5616, or write Box 8078.

MALE ACADEMIC, 58, seeks compatible travelling companion, for leisurely summer cycle and train tour of France, three/four weeks. Many interests, resident Southern England. Box 8309.

MALE ARTS graduate, 22, seeks quiet, intellectual female, for sincere relationship. Box 8284.

MALE, 30s, friendless, unattractive, lazy, shy, seeks like-minded girlfriend, lazy, shy, isolated, rebellious, serious, sensitive, kind, loyal for lasting, meaningful relationship. Looks unimportant. Merseyside/North West/Manchester. Box 8289.

MALE LECTURER, 46, not unattractive, divorced, mainly interested in the arts and social sciences, seeks attractive, intelligent and affectionate female for lasting relationship. Midlands. Box 8238.

MANCHESTER MALE (29), slim, affectionate, caring, non-materialistic, non-smoker, seeks warm-hearted woman. Likes music, films, conversation, outdoors. Prefers people to money/possessions. Lets set the summer alight. Box 8302.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN, ALONE,
only recently woken up to life, seeks a congenial woman companion, to share with and make, new joint discoveries.
Box 8265.

NON-INTELLECTUAL Widow, London/Essex, tall, 53, vegetarian, Red Sea Pedestrian, no religious beliefs, enjoys theatre, ballet, home, seeks intelligentleman, (widower), non-smoker, socialist. Box 8264.

NON-PROFESSIONAL, non-drinking, w.c. guy, 33, with literary ambitions, would like to meet similar, unpretentious lady for mutual inspiration, comradeship and laughs. Herts. Box 8271.

NURSE SEEKS company of intelligent gentleman, 35+. Please write Box 8267.

POSITIVE, UNATTACHED man, 46, very typical Scorpio, good friend/partner, interests include music, seeks compatible, feminine female, for sincere, caring, lasting special relationship. London. Box 8290.

PRESENTABLE, PARTLY retired London executive, seeks discreet, affectionate friendship with attractive London Lady, medium build, probably in 40s, who like himself is of equable temperament, good-humoured, non-smoker and who enjoys good food, wine, music and other normal human pleasures, initially for occasional meetings to assess mutual appeal. Box 8248.

PROFESSIONAL FEMALE, late 30s, devoted part-time Mum, not overly intellectual but reasonably well informed and attractive, smoker, seeks constant male for friendship or lasting relationship, Oxford area. Box 8285.

PROFESSIONAL LADY, early forties, slim & petite, enjoys classical music, theatre, travel and the countryside, wishes to meet mature, professional gentleman, for companionship/marriage. Box 8300.

PROFESSIONAL LADY working Civil Servant, 62, caring, interests: music, painting, countryside, books, wishes meet similar gentleman friendship/lasting relationship. Congenial woman friends also sought. Box 8229.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN London, mid-forties, seeks professional man, sense humour, share arts, cinema, classical music, travel, wining, dining. Box 8273.

REASONABLY HAPPY, separated (6 years) 51 year-old-male — graduate, now working in Northern University, former art teacher/lecturer, enjoys house restoration, cats, countryside (particularly hill walking) and travel but misses female warmth, company and support. Any offers? Box 8310.

SAGITTARIAN, 40, slim, realising life is passing him by, seeks lively female with similar feelings, London based, likes books, psychology. Box 8262.

SCEPTICAL, HUMOROUS, intelligent, affectionate man, 34, widely travelled, eclectic interests, still unconvinced by most social and intellectual conventions, seeks woman companion to explore alternatives. Box 8228.

SINGLE, BUDDHIST male, 40, interested in Asian history, literature, theatre & cinema, seeks friendship with lady. Box 8195.

SUCCESSFUL LONDON-based scientist (Oxbridge-trained), 35, wide cultural and travel interests, liberal in politics and religion, seeks professional (literary/artistic) lady companion. Box 8233

TALL, UNATTACHED, middle class, affable male wanted by 5ft 3in. divorced, quiet, non-smoking secretary (53), N. London for stimulating relationship. Box 8087.

TALL, SLIM, ATTRACTIVE,
single, professional, Jewish (non-orthodox) young lady, 30, back in circulation again, seeks genuine, friendly gentleman in London area, to put the smile back on her lovely face.
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VERY ATTRACTIVE woman, 36, creative, sensitive, warm-hearted, seeks male, 30-50, who is educated, genuine and mature, with a sense of humour. Box 8272.

VERY ELEGANT, attractive, well-dressed, well educated, glamorous blonde, non-smoker, London based lady, 38, is looking for tall, fair, handsome, well-dressed, well educated gentleman for serious, friendly relationship. Photo & tel. no appreciated. Box 8304.

VIVACIOUS, PROFESSIONAL FEMALE,
leading full and interesting life, needs the warmth and affection of a close relationship to make life complete. Ideal counterpart would be mature (50ish), professional male with similar void in his life. Interests include music, theatre and history.
Box 8311

WELL-MEANING Guardian reader, male and 21, interested in politics, philosophy, music, seeks female (pen) friend for intelligent exchange of views. East Anglian area. Box 8287.

WOMAN WANTED — Menopausal, skint, unemployed. Heartcry from male counterpart, 53/5'10", seething with gut churning desire. We'll laugh, love, scratch the sky. Eden can be ours! Box 8297.

YOUNG HOMOSEXUAL, 22
Fond of reading, writing and old movies, seeks someone similar (over 21), for meetings, friendship and love. Doncaster area.
Box 8214

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